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Who Denies Him.

Jesus, after his night of watching and prayer, went out quietly to meet the crowd who came, led by Judas, and said: 'For whom are you looking?' They said, 'Jesus of Nazareth;' and He said, 'I am He.' When they heard Jesus say, 'I am He,' they went backwards, and fell to the ground. They felt,

PETER SAYS HE NEVER KNEW JESUS.

somehow, afraid of that lonely Man. They felt that He was greater than they.

Then Jesus asked again, 'Whom are you looking for?' and they said, 'Jesus of Nazareth.' Then He said, 'I have told you that I am Jesus of Nazareth. If you want Me, let My disciples go away.' Very likely they had seized on the eight disciples near the door, and made them prisoners, so as to prevent their running on and telling Jesus. I suppose they had all fallen asleep, too, instead of watching.

And now Judas came up to Jesus as if he were quite pleased to see Him, and he kissed Him again and again, and said, 'Master! Master! Peace!' And when the police saw Judas do that, they took courage, and seized upon Jesus, and held Him fast. Peter was wide awake now. Out came his sword. He did not generally carry one, but he had brought one to-night. And in a moment he had cut off the ear of one of the men who had come out to take Jesus. But Jesus told him to put his sword away, and He put out His hand, and touched the man's ear, and made it well.

That was the very last thing those kind hands were able to do. In a few minutes more they were tied fast, just as if they had been the hands of a thief. When the disciples saw that, they were frightened, and they all ran away as fast as they could. But Peter and John soon felt ashamed of running away. They turned around, and came back, and followed Jesus a long way off.

The Temple police took Jesus first to the house of a priest called Annas. Annas was once the high priest of the Temple. His son-in-law, Caiaphas, was high priest now, but every one did what Annas said. And Annas was like a snake. He was like Satan. He was cunning and cruel. When Annas saw that Jesus had really been taken prisoner and brought safely to Jerusalem, he said, 'Take Him to Caiaphas.'

So Jesus was taken to the palace of Caiaphas the high priest, and John followed Him inside. John knew somebody in that house. That was why he was allowed to come in. Peter was left standing outside; but presently John asked the girl who attended to the door to let him in too. Peter was glad to come in to see what would happen to his dear Master.

The houses in the East are generally built all round a great square court. The court inside is like a big hall, only there is no roof over it. It was the middle of the night now, and the night air blew into that court, and it was cold. But Caiaphas's servants had made a great fire of coals in the middle of the court, and while Jesus was standing before Caiaphas and the other priests, the servants sat round that fire waiting and warming themselves. Peter came and sat with the servants, and warmed himself too.

Presently the girl who attended to the door came up to the fire, and she had a good look at Peter, and said, 'And you were with Jesus of Nazareth. Are you not one of his disciples?' Then Peter told a lie before all the servants, and said, 'Woman, I am not. I do not know Him, and I do not know what you mean.' And he went on warming himself, and tried to look as though he knew nothing in the world about Jesus. But Peter loved Jesus too much to be able to pretend very well. He was unhappy; he could not sit still; he got up, and went away into a covered place near the door, called the porch, and when he was in the porch he heard a cock crow.

I dare say Peter went into the porch partly because he thought that it would be dark there, and that nobody would see him. But the girl who kept the door could not let him alone. She told another woman servant to look at him, and that woman said to the people who stood by, 'This fellow was with Jesus of Nazareth, and is one of His disciples.' Then a man who stood there said to Peter, 'Are you not one of His disciples?' And again Peter told a lie, and said, 'Man, I am not. I do not know the Man.'

And now an hour had passed away. No one had asked Peter any more questions, and I suppose this made him feel a little braver, for he seems to have crept out of the porch to the part of the palace where he could see Jesus standing before the priests. He wanted to see and hear everything he could.

But Peter was fond of talking. He never seemed able to keep quiet for long together. And presently some of the people near said, 'Certainly this fellow was with Jesus, he comes from Galilee.' And they said to Peter, 'You must be one of the disciples of Jesus. The way that you speak shows that you come from Galilee.' One of the men there was a relative of Caiaphas's servant, whose ear Peter cut off, and he said, 'Did not I see you in the garden with Jesus?'

Now Peter was more frightened than ever,

and he said, 'Man, I do not understand you. I do not know this Man you are speaking about.' And he said some very bad words.

Then directly, before Peter had finished speaking, a cock crew. And Jesus turned round, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered what Jesus had said to him, 'Before the cock crow twice, you will say three times you do not know Me.' And when he thought about what he had done,he was very, very sorry; and he went out of the high priest's palace, and wept bitterly.

How could he! Oh, how could he do it!

Ah, but it is easy to exclaim over Peter but how often do we deny Christ. How often stand silent when we might speak of His love, how often put ourselves on the side of the world rather than with his followers. If we think, how can we dare condemn Peter.

Equipment.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak,
In living echoes of thy tone;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

Oh lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungry ones with manna sweet.

Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depth of many a heart.

Oh give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak, with soothing power,
A word in season as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

Oh fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

Oh use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until thy blessed face I see—
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

A Sane Gospel.

In these days of genuine revival and intense reaching after things, it is especially necessary to guard against excess even in that which is good. Satan's supreme attack upon our Lord in the wilderness was directed to His higher nature, and in the line of spiritual pride and presumption.

We must be prepared to expect delusions and counterfeits at such a time as this and not discredit the true because of the false. At the same time let us ever remember that the Holy Ghost is the Spirit of a sound mind and the gospel a sane gospel. Let us keep off 'the pinnacle of the temple' and in lowness of mind and all round practical common sense we shall find ourselves safe. Here are five short prescriptions for those who would guard against the danger lines in the deeper life. Be simple. Be Scriptural. Be practical. Be pure.

The exploiting of the almost countless fads which are abroad to-day make one blush with shame, not for the wicked and cunning apostles of these delusions, but for the shallow and easy dupes on whom they prey. The shame and wonder are that they were not discovered from the beginning. Their shameless egotism, their vainglorious advertising, their evident designs upon all the available graft of their victims, and the unscriptural claims and tenets, which characterise them all, ought surely to have been enough to guard the most simple minded from such obvious snares. If good can come out of such evils we may well pray that the extraordinary exposure of the most prolific crop of shams that the age has witnessed will at least save other victims and teach all seekers after truth to 'try the spirits' and 'discern the things that differ.'

The higher our Christian life the humbler it will be. The nearer we live to the Master the more will we be found with Him in the practical pathways of simple duty and loving ministry to our fellow men. The book of Joshua which is the loftiest manual of the higher Christian life, begins with the salvation of Rahab, and ends with the Cities of Refuge, both examples of God's mercy to the sinful and lost. There is no better balance wheel for our spiritual activities than the work of winning souls. It is also a great mercy for the great majority of Christians that they have to be busy so much of their time in the practical duties and toils of life. There is no safer tonic than work,, and there is no class more liable to spiritual hysteria than the idlers and runabouts.—'Living Truths.'

Thoughts of the Sabbath.

The interests of the Sabbath are the interests of the poor; the enemies of the Sabbah are the enemies of the poor.—Prof. George Adam Smith.

As we keep or break the Sabbath day, we nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope by which man arises.—Abraham Lincoln.

Oh, what a blessing is Sunday interposed between the waves of worldly business like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan! There is nothing in which I advise you to be more strictly conscientious than in keeping the Sabbath holy.—Wilberforce.

Every citizen who stays at home on Sunday, forsaking the institution to live his individual life, hangs out a flag at his front door, inscribed: 'The church is not worth while.'—Dean Hodges.

Because Sunday is the soul's parlor day, the day for reason and imagination and conscience, our age, with its overwrought bodies, its overtaxed brains, its jaded hearts, needs it as our fathers did.—N. D. Hillis, D.D.

The longer I live the more highly do I estimate the Christian Sabbath, and the more grateful do I feel towards those who impress its importance on the community. —Daniel Webster.

Spend the day Godward; this is the sum of Sabbath-keeping. Shove back the world, and let the soul lift its face toward its true Lord.—Robert Johnston, D.D.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.']

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

A Great Opportunity.

Of the many problems that confront the growing Christian communities in India, the greatest is that of securing work, as the fact of becoming a Christian puts the individual out of caste, and as, according to the rigorously enforced ideas of caste, everything he touches is polluted, he is practically boycotted in the bitterest sense; such being the case it is next to impossible to obtain any satisfactory work for the native Christians, so that should an opportunity occur, it would be a grievous mistake to let it pass. By the good providence of God such an opportunity is now offered to the young Christian community of Dhar, Central India, but it will require some funds to start the work,—to put up the necessary buildings and provide tools and appliances; (in our last article allusion was made to the very promising outlook of the Orphanage boys' carpentry work, which evidently will soon become a source of considerable profit, and it had been arranged, if necessary, to provide any such small sums as might be required from time to time for its gradual extension); such unforeseen developments, however, have recently occurred, that we are unable, as a Society, to cope with the situation, and consequently make an urgent appeal for help to others, as well as to our own members; the circumstances are as follows: —For years the State has been running workshops, but lately has closed them on account of the heavy expense they provided (high salaries were paid to native superintendents who, according to our ideas, are generally both careless and dishonest, and thus always cause work to cost much more than it should do). As soon as it was known that it was intended to carry on our workshop on a larger scale, the Chief Engineer for all the States in that section asked that whatever carpentry work of the better class they required should be undertaken. Already orders have been accepted for the woodwork of a palace, and the State Revenue Offices in Dhar, and also for a palace at Barwani, 80 miles away; other large orders are also in view. Under these circumstances it is very desirable to open up other departments of industrial work, chiefly iron work, blacksmithing, etc. The Chief Engineer is also anxious that tile making, for which there is a very promising opening, should be attempted; already the Christians have the reputation of doing better work than can be obtained anywhere else, so the outlook is wonderfully promising; if the necessary funds can be raised to start these branches of work it will be the means of making the native Christian community of Dhar into a strong, self-supporting, and therefore evangelising people. We in Canada can hardly imagine the uplift it will be to them, and its influence will be very far reaching.

Surely these facts will arrest the attention and arouse the prompt and hearty sympathy of many who, by helping to provide the necessary funds will be placing within the reach of these native Christians of our own Empire the means of obtaining a respectable living, thus helping them to help themselves, and also, for that district, solving the very difficult problem of finding work for the Christians; such an opening may not come again. We trust and pray that He who has made the opportunity will incline the hearts of His people to make a prompt and generous response to this appeal for help for some of the Christian converts in India, whose lives are beset with so many difficulties.

A sum of $2,500 to $3,000 would do all that is required, a comparatively small sum when we consider all that it will mean to the people interested. Doubtless many are kept back from making an open profession of their belief in Christ, because doing so would mean giving up the means of making a livelihood, besides becoming outcasts from all whom they hold dear.

Contributions for this Industrial Fund should be sent to the Sec. Treasurer of the Victorian India Orphan Society, Mrs. Crichton (A. S.), 142 Langside St., Winnipeg, who will acknowledge all receipt of contribution, and reports of the progress of the Fund will be published.

Canadians Abroad.

To friends throughout Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs) also throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and the many other countries mentioned on page 15 as not requiring extra postage, the 'Canadian Pictorial' may be sent for only fifty cents, provided three or more such subscriptions are remitted at one time. So often in the Christmas preparation for those at home, gifts for the distant friends are not mailed till too late. Now is the time to arrange for what is really a series of gifts, in one of the most delightful forms, a form that makes it possible to share the pleasure with others. Send in your Christmas subscriptions now. They will have the most careful attention.

A Special Christmas Club.

Canadians residing abroad will one and all heartily appreciate the 'Canadian Pictorial,' with its monthly budget of 'pictures from home.' The first edition will be exhausted long before most of them realize that there is such a publication—and they will be sorry to miss the first issue. Friends at home could not find a more acceptable gift to send them—only a dollar bill for twelve months of pleasure. For the present this rate covers postage to all parts of the world. Orders of this sort will need to be sent in promptly, for very soon it will be impossible to get the October issue.

On request, a neat gift card will be sent, announcing to the far-away friend the name of the donor.

BOYS AND GIRLS

An End.

A little girl went counting on,
To one—two hundred, say,
'Is there no end to it?' she asked,
In quite a puzzled way.
I told her no—she had begun,
She might go on all day.
'There is an end to it—this end,'
She cried with laughter gay;
And back she counted, back to one,
And ended so her play.

—'Little Folks.'

Mrs. Maloney's Adventure.

'Arrah, Mrs. Malony, dear, aren't your arms achin' from that big creel ov turf you're carryin'?'

'Well, indeed, they are, Biddy, but sure it's well I have it to carry. Won't it sarve me well in the could winter that's comin'?'

'Ye're right there, ma'am; there's nothin' like the good turf, and plenty of it, to keep the heat in your ould bones. Thank the Lord we've a fine day to gather it; not a drop of rain, and the sky as clear as glass.'

Mrs. Malony was the widow of a sergeant in the army, and had a pension. She was much looked up to by her neighbors, and was always addressed by them as 'ma'am.' To add to her importance, she had a son in the Connaught Rangers, who always sent her presents at Christmas.

'Sure, the last time what was it he sint me from India all the way,' she said, 'but a tay-pot? The grandest one that ever you'd see, with figures all over it. Sure, it's too good for anything but show, and I just have it safe on the shelf, and I look at it every night afore I go to my bed, and I pray for my poor boy across the salt say to come home to me.'

Mrs. Malony's hair was as white as snow, but she had a bright color in her withered cheeks, and a pleasant smile on her face that did one good to see.

'I've the best of health, thank God,' she said; 'and there's no one that hasn't the kind word for me.'

'About a mile from the group of cottages, or cabins—as they are called in Ireland—in which Mrs. Malony and her friends, Biddy Fitzhenry and her sister, lived, was a large brown bog. Here it was that they all went to gather turf. In the summer, the turf was cut out of the bog, and piled in long rows to dry, and about September it was dry enough to be gathered in creels or baskets, and taken home to be stacked. The creels are strapped round the shoulders by rope made of long grass.

Mrs. Martin, a farmer's wife who lived near the bog, had lent her white pony, Surefoot, and her car, to carry the baskets, and Mrs. Malony, too, if she got tired. Mrs. Martin's little daughter, Carrie, could drive Surefoot quite well, and was very fond of him. The two old women were very happy together, talking and knitting stockings in the intervals of their turf-gathering. Just as twilight was closing in they began to think of going home.

'For sure, this is the lonesome place whin it gets dark,' said Biddy Fitzhenry, looking round; 'there's nothing all round but the mountains and the say (sea).'

They had not gone far on their homeward way when Mrs. Malony, looking down on her hand, gave a faint cry.

'Ah, thin, what's the matter at all, Mrs. Malony, dear!' asked her friend.

'It's my wedding ring, woman, sure, I've lost it; it must have slipped off my finger when I was filling my creel.'

'Maybe it's beyant in the bog,' suggested little Carrie. 'Shall I go see?'

'No, no, my dear, I'll go myself,' said Mrs. Malony. 'I know best the spot where I was.'

So off she got, and hobbled fast away back to the bog. There was a path across it, which, if one kept to it, was dry enough. All along by the path, however, were deep pools—bog-holes they are called—full of brown water, into which it is dangerous to slip. Mrs. Malony, however, picked her way safely towards the long lines of piled-up turf, and, to her great joy and relief, she spied, after some searching, her wedding-ring, as it sparkled on the ground. She slipped it on her finger, and was hurrying back to the others when, in the darkness, her foot tripped, and down she fell into a deep bog-hole. It was a treacherous hole, too; much deeper than anyone could imagine. She was up to her waist in water, and seemed to be slipping deeper and deeper every minute. Mrs. Malony was what might be called an ignorant woman, but she had strong faith in God.

'Sure, He's niver forsaken me yet, and He's not going to do it now,' she thought. 'I'll just put my hand into His, and say, "Lord, help me!" He won't forget poor ould Molly, I'll go bail for that.'

As she put her feeble old hand into God's hand she heard a girlish voice crying, 'Mrs. Malony, Mrs. Malony, dear, are you there?'

It was all Mrs. Malony could do to answer; but Carrie heard her, and with the help of the two Fitzhenry's, she was dragged out of the hole, before her strength was quite exhausted. And then Surefoot took them all safely home.

'I knew, I knew,' said Mrs. Malony as she sat by her bright turf fire, 'that the Lord would never forsake me. I've tried Him too often for that!'

So we, too, may join in the words of Isaiah, and say, 'Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.'

—'Friendly Greetings.'

Recognition.

'Don't be anxious about being recognized,' says a recent writer, 'be more anxious about being worth recognition.' In the long run, every one will be duly recognized. The poet sang of the gems which lie unnoticed in the unfathomed caves of the ocean. Perhaps so, but while they may be true of crystals it is not true of men. No; the world does not always applaud its worthies, but none will ever go without true recognition, for God will see to it that every life receives its due. Perhaps we are more anxious to be recognized than to be worth recognition. He who seeks honor from men is likely to miss it, while he who seeks to be worthy will never fail of God's owning. It is a good thing to work quietly and wait patiently. In due time the honor which is your due will come to your door. But do not seek honor—seek to be worthy!—Selected.

Ministering Unto Him.

(By the late Dr. T. J. Barnardo.)

It was a murky evening at the close of September, and the outlook was drab and dreary. A few slushy drops of rain fell occasionally, and the muddy streets were most unpleasant for pedestrians. Truly, an uninviting night in which to be abroad!

I had been attending the board meeting of a society in which I was interested, and I was absorbed in thinking over some points of the business transacted. I hardly noticed, therefore, that as I left Moorgate St. Station a timid little voice began to assail my ears. 'Matches, sir,' it said in a curious persistent whine. I walked steadily on, but the voice followed, challenging my attention. The speaker must have been a diminutive little match-seller, for the sound was near the ground. Again he repeated earnestly: 'Two a ha'penny! Two boxes a ha'penny! Buy 'em, sir!' Then after a pause, he resumed: 'Could give yer three, but there ain't much profit!'

That curious chant with its quaint comment at length checked my progress. My thoughts were effectually broken into. I stopped, and at a glance took in the scene and the speaker at once. I saw a sight, common enough, alas, in London; a little street-vendor; shoeless and stockingless, his bare feet well mudded, his trousers ragged, his jacket torn. Trousers and jacket were all he had to cover him from the drizzling rain and shivering fog. A queer little old patched cap was perched on one side of his head in a knowing fashion, pathetically at variance with the sad lines of his face. The child looked to me about eight years of age; but I guessed him to be nine, for he was of stunted growth.

'Sold much to-day?' I inquired. He shook his head.

'Six boxes ain't much—only t'ree a'pence for the lot.'

'Who sent you out?'

'Mother.'

'And why does mother send out a little chap like you?'

'She can't help it; she's werry bad.'

'Where is she?'

'Home.'

'Anybody else there?'

'Sissy.'

'How old is she?'

'Oh, she don't count! She's littler than me—lots littler!'

'Do you make much money?'

'Sometimes, if I'm lucky.'

'Are you often lucky?'

'Not 'xactly often; I wor in real luck yesterday.'

'How's that?'

'Such a nice gemman kem along, and says he, "You are a pore little chap;" and he gev me a bob. Oh! he wor a nice gemman, he wor!'

My young companion had wasted no words, and now, when such emphasis was laid upon this particular gentleman, I felt he was being held up for imitation!

'Why don't you go home with your three ha'pence?' I continued.

'Tain't no use,' said the boy. 'Tain't no use going home with littler nor a tanner, sir!'

'Must you always have "a tanner"?'

The little head was nodded quickly and emphatically. Clearly sixpence was the irreducible minimum!

'Well, now,' I said, 'tell me where your mother lives.'

'Thirteen, Plough Court, Banner St., St. Lukes's,' was the prompt answer.

I knew Banner St.; the place was not more than ten minutes' walk away. 'Come on with me,' I said, 'and I will see your mother. I am a doctor, you know, and perhaps, I can do her some good.'

Without more ado the little chap gave himself up to the new idea, and trotted off by my side, his tongue wagging briskly the while. Here was an adventure, or at least, an event! He managed to keep up a never-failing stream of small talk which, I could not help observing, always came round, often by very sharp angles, to the 'nice gemman!'

We soon reached Banner St. A few minutes then brought us to the corner of a dingy, pestilential-looking court, lined on each side by tumble-down two-story houses, houses that looked as if they had been out of repair for many years back. They were noisome in the extreme, foetid, reeking of slime and neglect. No. 13 presented a set of creaky and very filthy stairs. My guide hooked his small hand firmly into mine, and without delay we began to climb up and up and up, until at last we reached a back room on the top floor. The boy ran in first, while I waited outside. Only a minute elapsed, when the door was opened, and in response to a muffled 'Come in, sir,' I entered.

The room was literally devoid of furniture. There was no chair to sit down on; no table to fill up the bare floor space. Yet there was a marvellous air of peace and even of comfort in that empty garret! All, for instance, was wondrously clean. And one felt that there was a decent and gracious air about the place that spoke well for its human occupants.

It was some time before my eyes could take in my surroundings. But presently I saw a figure lying near the window on the floor, on a heap of rags. It was that of a poor, decent-looking woman. A few words of sympathy and explanation, and I learned her simple story. The woman was a widow of about forty-five. She had injured her leg, and the wound, instead of healing, had apparently festered. A large, unwholesome ulcer was exposed to view as I examined it. She had gone twice as an out-patient to the nearest

hospital, but she could walk no longer; so there she lay, helpless to move hand or foot on her own behalf! By her side stood a little girl of about six years of age—'our Bess,' she called her—a bright-eyed, winsome little lassie.

But Billy was the bread-winner! He it was who kept the wolf from the door. It was he who had boldly gone into trade in the endeavor to supply mother, sister and himself with bread. Deeply affected, I listened to the simple, homely, heroic story. Men are inclined to the belief that heroes are only made on special occasions. Yet in truth the finest heroes are home-spun, and are often hidden in obscurity. Billy was of the true stuff, and his modest struggle might have made an epic!

Why, I asked of the woman, did she not go into a hospital? The question was hardly asked when I felt rebuked. 'What would become of the children?' said the poor woman. 'Billy might do for a bit by himself—he is a brave lad! But our Bess——.' And then the poor soul fairly broke down. Yet in a minute the tears were wiped away, and as I looked at the calm, resolute face, I discovered where Bill got his bravery from.

'Well, then,' said I, 'why not try to get the children into some home or refuge, while you are taken to the hospital and properly treated?'

'Ah, yes, sir!' replied she eagerly, 'that's what I would like; but then I don't know how to set about it.'

Then, to my surprise, she added, in the simplest, most matter-of-fact tone imaginable, 'I have been prayin' to the Lord all the time I have been here to take care of the children, and to keep our Bess from the streets.' Here in this wretched room, deprived of everything, depending absolutely upon a child of nine years of age for food and fuel—here lay this decent, industrious creature with a firm trust in the God of prayer, and in her breast there still burned the flame of faith and hope.

Yes, indeed, God has his own in every nook of the great city! Poor Mrs. Rider was a Christian woman, strong in prayer and drawing in simple trust upon all the powers of the Omnipotent. 'Look here, sir,' continued the woman. She put her hand under the pillow and pulled out the leaf of a well-known religious weekly journal. 'Look here, sir, read that!' And under my very eyes she placed a short narrative of one of my own rescues, which had been reprinted in its columns! How the page had drifted to her I know not; but the last lines of the story contained that statement of mine which has been so often repeated, and which all my readers know so well: 'Never during all these years have I refused a single destitute child who has made application at our doors.' 'There, sir,' said the poor creature, not knowing in the least to whom she spoke, 'I have been hopin' and prayin' that God would let Billy and our Bess get in there. I know they'd be safe, and they'd both be together, and then I'd go in cheerful to the 'Ospital.'

I thought for a few minutes before I answered. At length I said slowly, 'I did not tell you who I am; but now I must let you know.' The poor woman looked up with something like alarm written on her face. I continued, 'My name is Barnardo, and I have a great many poor boys and girls in my keeping. And really that is why I asked your little lad to bring me here to-day. Now, if I can help you by keeping the children for a while, I will.'

It is impossible to describe the emotions of wonder and amazement which passed over that poor suffering mother's face! The tears poured down her cheeks. 'Billy!' she called, and the boy ran quickly to his mother's side. 'Bess, dear,' she added; and then, holding the two children in her trembling hands, she said, 'This is the gentleman that has all the little boys and girls. I told yer God would hear me, and now he's just sent him here to take and keep you both until I am well again.'

As for me, I felt at once humbled, encouraged and thankful; humbled to think that in any hour of darkness and difficulty I had ever doubted that God heard and answered prayer; encouraged by this fresh proof of our Father's guiding hand; and thankful for the opportunity thus afforded me of stretching out a helping hand to one of our Lord's own children.

There and then I entered fully into the mother's story, and made notes of the various names and addresses with which she supplied me, so that we could verify the facts and assure ourselves that there was genuine need and friendliness in the case. I left with the promise that, if all proved right, I would admit the children to the Home for a time while the mother entered the hospital. Of course, I saw to the immediate needs of the family, but not until I made Billy tell me once again the story of the 'nice gemman.'

'Now Billy, what shall I do to be like the nice gentleman? Shall I give you a shilling now, or shall I take you both into my home, and send your mother to the hospital?'

Billy hesitated; but there was no feeling of doubt in Bessie's mind. The words were hardly out when she sidled over to me and placed her little hand trustingly in mine. Billy said more slowly, 'If mother 'wor well, I think it would be nicer to have the shilin'; but I'll go with you, sir, all right.'

Ere long one of my good women helpers was in the room supplying the wants of the patient, bringing food and fuel and a few needed garments to the children, while I obtained an order giving admission to the hospital to this poor member of the Household of Faith.

And that was how Billy and Bess came to be counted among the greatest family in the world, 5,450 strong!—Selected.

Every Day a Little.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact is a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in the great deeds of philanthropy that the only blessing is found. In 'little deeds of kindness,' repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day! What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years. Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume at the end of twenty-five years!

The Preacher and the King.

Once upon a time runs the most authentic story, one of the Great Frederick's chaplains was taken from him by the hand of death. The peculiar qualities in the deceased ecclesiastic had not been more than his devout piety, and heartfelt reverence—than his known courage in danger and presence of mind in seasons of astonishment. Said the great king:—

'Ah, me! where shall I find another man so truly devout and so conscientiously devoted to his religious duty, who will at the same time possess such presence of mind? Ah! good Father Isaac's wits were never wanting.'

At length, however, a candidate was commended to his favorable consideration, a man known to be pious and devout, and against whom no breath of scandal had ever been turned.

'But what of his courage?' demanded Frederick. 'What would he do in a moment of mortal terror which burst unexpectedly over his head?'

The proposer shook his head. He could not say.

'Ha!' cried the king, 'we will try him. Look ye. He shall preach in our chapel next Sunday afternoon, and I will be there. But he is to have no sermon prepared. I will myself, when I enter the chapel, place a sealed package, within which he will find the text; and from that text he will preach his sermon.'

The ecclesiastic was consulted, and readily consented to the proposition. The eventful day arrived, and the clergyman entered the chapel, and as he passed up the centre aisle an officer in gaudy uniform—aide-de-camp of the king—put a sealed paper into his hand, at the same time whispering, 'From his Majesty!'

The clergyman ascended the pulpit, read the Scriptures, gave out the two hymns, made an appropriate prayer, in which the king was recognized without fulsomeness, and then he arose and broke the seal of the missive he had received and found it—blank! Not a word or pen-mark appeared. With a calm smile the clergyman cast his eyes over the congregation, and then said:

'Brethren and sisters, here is nothing,' and he held up the paper to show that it was blank. 'Blessed is he whom nothing can annoy, whom nothing can make afraid or swerve from his duty. We read that God made from nothing all things! And yet look at the stupendous majesty of His infinite creation!'

And thereupon the candidate went on with a powerful and eloquent discourse on the wonders and beauties of creation.

Suffice it to say that Frederick bestowed upon him the vacant chaplaincy, and that in time he came to be the king's chief confidant and spiritual adviser.—'Christian Globe.'

Wanted.

In one hundred thousand households in America, a willing, sunshiny daughter, who will not fret when asked to wash the dishes, nor sigh when requested to take care of the baby; a daughter whose chief delight is to smooth her mother's wrinkles, and who is quite as willing to lighten her father's cares as his pocket; a girl who thinks her own brother quite as fine a fellow as some other girl's brother. Constant love, high esteem and a more honored place in the home guaranteed. Employment assured to all qualified applicants. Address, Mother, at home.—Exchange.

Speak It Out.

'Run and tell her or she may hear it from somebody else,' said a young man laughingly to the pretty sister at his side. 'There she stands. I will hold your impedimenta and entertain Fred until you return.' The girl tried to frown upon the speaker, but ended by handing him a bouquet and a fan, and moving off toward a severe-looking woman at the opposite end of the room.

'She would not condescend to gossip,' he said, as both youths looked after her admiringly, and one questioningly, 'but she dearly loves to retail a compliment. I believe in every chamber of her brain is stowed away some nice thing she has heard about somebody, to be delicately imparted to the particular person when he or she appears. It was your remark about that lady's classic profile which has just taken my sister away. She does not do it for effect either. She says it is stark selfishness; she likes to see the pleasure on people's faces.

'That is the reason, then, that I seem to grow an inch taller whenever I talk with her,' Fred replied. 'It is like "Alice in Wonderland." When I have to swallow warnings about my faults, jokes about my blushing, and so-called frankness in general, I wither all up. Your sister makes a shy fellow think he amounts to something.'

No wonder she is a popular girl, and that

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all kinds of persons make opportunities to meet her. She never thinks it her duty to tell people unpleasant truths, or to declare her whole opinion of them, or to carry unkind intelligence. Metaphorically speaking, she never treads on one's toes. She never croaks. She never gives social stabs. She prefers the oil and wine treatment of wounds. She sees no virtue in making enemies. She agrees with Oliver Wendell Holmes in thinking that friendship does not authorize one to say disagreeable things. She openly declares that she would rather be loved than hated.

'See, now,' exclaimed Fred, who had been watching the girl while he was thinking this: 'that stern profile is transformed! It does pay to speak out the nice little things one thinks.' —From 'If I were a Girl Again.'

Princess and Pillows.

Queen Victoria's way with children was far more Spartan than that of the present Queen. Her Majesty is most indulgent. Queen Victoria dressed her children with the utmost plainness, only allowed fires at fixed seasons, irrespective of the weather, and did all that could be done to prevent the exalted rank of her children affecting their minds or habits.

An old lady has just been telling me an anecdote of the King and his two eldest sisters, that my informant heard from the first Lady Ellesmere. Queen Victoria took her three eldest children with her on a visit to the stately home of her friend, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Ellesmere's near relative. A very pretty suite of rooms had been prepared for the royal children, and they most sweetly expressed the warmest admiration of their apartments. 'You would have thought that they had never seen a great house before,' said Lady Ellesmere; 'but what amused us most was that they called each other's attention to the pollowa: "See, we actually have pillows!"' In early Victorian days the pillow was often considered to be an unnecessary luxury, and indeed calculated to deform the growing shape, and the Queen's children were no more indulged than any others.—'Illustrated London News.'

Contentment.

I once read a beautiful story of a youth condemned to be a cripple for life.

'It is all right,' he said, 'all right. God has done it. My Father has done it. I love Him, and He loves me. He can but do all things for my good.'

That is the ring of the true metal: if the Father wills anything, it is all right. Contentment is a jewel not to be bought by either poverty or riches—it can and does shine without either. Alexander, the great soldier who conquered the world, was discontented because ivy would not grow in his gardens at Babylon; but one of his poor subjects was more wise. Finding a little mouse in his satchel, he said he was not so poor but some were glad of his leavings.

A wise man who was passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple reflection: 'How many things there are here that I do not want!'

'I never complained of my lot,' said the Persian poet Saadi, 'but once, when my feet were sore, and I had no money to buy shoes. But I met a man without a foot, and I became content with my lot when I saw him.'

There is, however an ignorant contentment which has proved to be a stumbling-block to many lazy natures, and has prevented their progress upwards. The captain of a whaleship told one of the wretched natives of Greenland that he sincerely pitied the miserable life to which he was condemned.

'Miserable!' exclaimed the savage. 'I have always had a fishbone through my nose, and plenty of train-oil to drink. What more could I desire?' Such contentment is to be pitied.

Yet are there not many people content to drift along, to hide their talents in a napkin, to let others work in the vineyard while they plead they have not the time or the ability (the inclination would be the proper word for them to use), content to let others press forward in the race while they lag behind; content to let others 'stand up for Jesus,' and 'lay up their treasures in heaven' while they hold theirs closely in their earth-solied hands—do we not see them everywhere?

This sort of contentment is a fraud, a suggestion of the Evil One. Beecher says, 'It is not the content of indolence that we want, but the content of industrious fidelity. When men are building the foundations of vast structures they must needs labor far below the surface. But every course of stone which they lay raises them higher, and at length when they reach the surface they have laid such solid work under them that they need not fear now to carry up their walls through towering stories till they overlook the whole neighborhood.'

'A man proves himself fit to go higher who shows that he is faithful where he is. A man that will not do well in his present place because he longs to go higher is fit neither to be where he is nor yet above it; he is already too high, and should be put lower.'—'Friendly Greetings.'

Judge Not.

In the city of Marseilles there once lived a very old man, who, though he was particularly industrious, yet, by his severe habits of privation and abstinence, came to be looked upon as a very rich miser, and whenever he appeared in the streets he was hooted at and pelted by the populace.

There came a day, however, when the old man died, and this is how, in his will, he heaped coals of fire upon those who had in his lifetime been his persecutors. 'Having observed,' he said, 'from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill-supplied with water, which can only be obtained at a great price, I have cheerfully labored during my lifetime to procure for them this great blessing; and it is my wish and will that the whole of my property shall be expended in building an aqueduct for their use.'—Selected.

The Little Egg Merchant.

'There is someone rapping at the kitchen door.'

'Oh, it is that farmer's boy selling eggs.'

'Go and tell him we don't buy eggs from boys; we can't risk getting bad eggs. Boys at the door will say anything.'

But when I went to the door I saw such a bright, honest face that I could not think ill of him. I saw his eggs, and asked, 'Are they all fresh?'

The manly little egg dealer looked me squarely in the face and said,

'Yes, madam, they were all laid only yesterday.'

'How can you be sure of that?' said I.

'Why, because I took them from the nest myself. Do you think I would tell a lie for the sake of selling a few eggs?'

'Well, it would not pay you,' I said, 'for you would sell no more to me.'

'Oh, I was not thinking of that, madam; but it would not pay me in here,' said he, touching his breast.

'Did you never tell a lie?' said I.

'Yes,' said he, 'I told a whopper once, but it hurt me that badly, I will never tell another.'

'You mean, I suppose, you were so well punished for it?'

'No,' said he, 'although my father did wallop me soundly when he found it out, and said he did not want any lying lads about his farm; but his hurting did not last long. It was the hurting to my soul that lasted.'

'God can take that hurt all away too if you ask Him,' I said.

'Oh, I know He can, for I did ask Him, but the memory of it hurts me still.'

The brave little chap looked at me so kindly with his clear blue eyes that I bought all his eggs, and found them all fresh. But how few of us remain so long tender about our first lie? The little boy's conscience was as fresh as his eggs, but there is such a thing as a rotten conscience. God save us from it. —'Friendly Greetings.'

Joe Black.

The first time I ever saw Joe Black he was out on the sidewalk in front of the house where he lived. It was a sharp winter morning. He had a coat on, but no hat. A boy who goes out of a winter morning without any hat on will be almost sure to catch cold, get a sore throat, and perhaps have the croup, and be very sick, indeed.

There were a number of boys on the sidewalk, too, and Joe was looking on to see them, rather than playing with them. Some of them were sliding along on the ice in the gutter, others were snowballing, and all seemed to be having a fine time.

Pretty soon a man came along. Joe was busy watching the boys, and did not see or hear the man until he was close upon him. The man had a heavy bundle upon his shoulder, and called out rather angrily to Joe, 'Get out of the way.'

Joe was not a little frightened at the harsh tone in which the man spoke to him, and got out of the way as quickly as he could.

Some boys would have answered this rude man back, and perhaps told him to get out of the way himself; but Joe took the roughness very meekly.

The next morning Joe was out again; only this time he had not gone as far on the sidewalk, but was standing on the doorsteps, looking up and down the street, and wondering what he should do. While he was so standing and wondering, the same man came along who had spoken to him so unkindly the day before. He had what looked like the same bundle on his shoulder. The man did not see Joe, but Joe saw him and recognized him. But he kept perfectly still, and watched him go by.

Presently the man, as he walked along, put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out his handkerchief. In so doing, he pulled out one of his mittens, too. It fell, unseen by its owner, upon the sidewalk. When he put his handkerchief back in his pocket he did not miss the mitten. There it lay just where it fell, the man walking faster and faster away.

Some boys in Joe's place would have been glad that such a cross man had lost his mitten, and would hope that he might never find it.

Not so Joe Black. He saw what had happened—the handkerchief taken out, the mitten fallen and left lying on the walk, and the man unconscious even that he had dropped it. It took him but a moment to decide that he ought to go and restore the mitten to its owner. I don't know that he so much as thought of the cross way the man had spoken to him the day before. If he did, he did not cherish any resentment. So off he started down the steps and along the walk until he came to the mitten. Picking it up, he ran after the man as fast as his legs could carry him. Instead of calling out to him, he waited until he got close behind him, and gently touched his hand. The man turned around to see who touched him.

There stood Joe, holding up the mitten.

'Well done!' said the man, recognizing the mitten and feeling in his pocket the same moment. 'Well done! Where did you find that?' And he took the mitten and put it back in his pocket.

Joe only wagged his tail; for he was nothing but a great Newfoundland dog, Joe Black, and he couldn't speak a word. But I have sometimes thought that he was more of a gentleman than the man who dropped the mitten. At any rate, he knew how to return good for evil.—Edward Abbot, in the 'Sunday School 'Messenger.'

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Helen Keller With a Rose.

Others may see thee; I behold thee not;
Yet most I think thee, beauteous blossom, mine:
For I, who walk in shade, like Proserpine—
Things once too briefly looked on, long forgot—
Seem by some tender miracle divine,
When breathing thee, apart,
To hold the rapturous summer warm within my heart.

We understand each other, thou and I!
Thy velvet petals laid against my cheek,
Thou feelest all the voiceless things I speak,
And to my yearning makest mute reply;
Yet a more special good of thee I seek,
For God who made—Oh, kind!—
Beauty for one and all, gave fragrance for the blind!

—Florence Earl Coates, in the 'Century.'

He Was Ready.

'Now,' said Freddy's mother as she got him ready for a visit to his aunt, 'be sure you are not late to breakfast. That won't do when you are visiting.'

On her son's return mother inquired if he was ready in time.

'Yes'm!' responded Freddy, triumphantly. 'I was down every morning soon's any of 'em.

'I am so glad; hope you'll keep it up.'

'You won't let me.'

'Won't let you? Why not?'

'Well, you see, I just put my nighty on and slept in my clothes, so's to be nice and ready in the morning.'—New York 'Tribune.'

How Myra Struck Out.

(Ida T. Thurston, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Mother was sewing by the shaded lamp and Dell was looking over arithmetic papers when the door was flung open and Kitty danced in, her eyes shining and her cheeks flushed with the loveliest rose pink.

'Oh, mamma—Oh, Dell!' she cried out, joyously, 'I've got it—I've got the place with Miss Steadman. Isn't it too splendid for anything? Now you needn't worry any more, you dearest of mothers.' She stooped to drop a quick kiss on her mother's forehead as she spoke.

Mother pulled the happy face down and returned the kiss with interest, while Dell flung aside her papers and began to pour out eager questions.

'Oh, Kit, however did you get it? I thought Miss Steadman had engaged Laura Chase. When do you begin and what pay are you to have?'

'Three questions all in one breath,' laughed Kitty. How did I get it? By cheek, pure and simple. I happened to hear that Laura Chase was going to New York and I walked myself straight up to Miss Steadman's studio and persuaded her that I could do just as good work as Laura—'

'I should say so!' interposed Dell, indignantly.

Kitty laughed and went on, 'And I am to begin next Monday, and I am to have ten whole dollars every Saturday night. So now, Miss Dell, you are not the only wage-earner in this household. From next week on I am joint provider. Oh, I am so glad!'

Dell drew a long breath. 'Ten dollars a week. That's five hundred a year, allowing two weeks for vacation; and that with my six hundred will pay expenses, won't it, mamma?'

'It must,' mother answered, 'but I'm afraid it will mean very limited wardrobes for you girls, since neither of you will have much time for sewing.'

'Oh, that's all right!' cried Kitty. Then raising her voice, she called, 'Myra, isn't supper most ready? I'm famished.'

'All ready—I was waiting for a chance to tell you so,' Myra called back from the dining-room.

Kitty's laugh bubbled out again—she was so happy that she could laugh at anything or nothing, just then. She flung her arms about Dell's waist and whirled her into the dining-room. All through the meal she kept up a joyous chattering; but when she and Dell went up to their room at bedtime the first effervescence of her delight had subsided and she was in a quieter mood. She and Dell shared the front room together. Myra had the big attic room directly over it. Myra was 'the odd one.' She was younger than the others and—different. It was like Myra to prefer that great half-furnished attic to the pretty little square room opening out of this of her sisters'. 'Myra always did like to crawl off by herself,' Dell said.

'I'm not sleepy a bit,' Kitty declared, as she warmed her feet at the register, while her sister was brushing out her long hair. 'I feel as if I wanted to sit up all night and rejoice.'

Dell laughed at her in the mirror. 'What an excitable little goose you are, Kit!' she returned. 'You'd better go to bed this minute and stop thinking.'

'I can't,' replied Kitty. 'Dell,' the bright eyes were shining now through a mist of tears, 'you don't know how it has worried me all this year past to have you the only one earning and to feel that Myra and I were just living on you.'

'Kitty!' Dell flashed around in instant indignant protest. 'As if you haven't been working every bit as hard as I have, with your sewing and painting and all!'

'Oh, yes, but you know I can't sell half the things I have painted, and as to sewing, I never was much good at that any more than poor Myra is. But now you see, while I help Miss Steadman in the studio I shall be learning all the time, too, and maybe bye-and-bye—who knows?—I may turn out a real artist, and sell my pictures for dollars and dollars.'

'Who knows?' echoed Dell. 'I hope you will, I'm sure, and then your poor little school-ma'am sister may be living on you.'

Kitty shook her pretty head smilingly. 'Just counting chickens,' she warned, and then she added soberly, 'If only Myra could strike out for herself somehow! What a pity it is that she hasn't any—any—'

'Marketable talent,' supplied Dell, promptly. 'Yes, Kit, it is a pity. I don't see how she is ever going to earn her own living.'

'Well,' Kitty tossed aside her regrets; she would not let even Myra's talentless condition shadow her content to-night, 'never mind! Myra's a dear old thing, and if she can never earn her own living we must earn it for her, that's all, and we can do it now, I am thankful to say!' she concluded happily.

The girls talked on, planning many things for the future, while upstairs the 'odd one' lay with wide, grave eyes looking out at the shining stars. Myra's ears were keen and Kitty's voice carried well. Through the open register her words had come to Myra's ears, and cut deeply into Myra's heart. It was true—wasn't it true? She had no 'marketable talent,' as Dell had said. She could cook and sweep and scrub. She felt that after all she did her full share of work in the home every day of her life, but as to earning, Kit was right—she had no marketable talent. It wasn't Myra's way to cry, else her pillow would have been wet with tears that night.

When the breakfast work was done the next morning and the house was in its usual dainty order, Myra disappeared. Her mother found her at last out in the wood-room at work on an old lounge. She had taken off the covering and the packing, and was fastening the springs in place with heavy twine.

'Why, child, what are you doing with that old lounge?' her mother exclaimed.

'Renovating it,' answered the girl, cheerfully—'making it over. Don't you think it needed it, mother?'

'I thought it was past making over,' the mother answered. 'Myra, what made you undertake a hard job like that to-day?'

'Just because it's hard, mother. I wanted a hard job, and as there wasn't any snow to shovel or coal to put in, and no house-cleaning needed just now, this was the next hardest thing I could think of—' She broke off rather abruptly then and bent lower over the springs.

'Dear,' said her mother, laying her hand tenderly on the girl's thick dark hair, 'you must not feel so. You help just as much as Dell or Kitty, child—just as much.'

Myra did not lift her head, but she caught the hand and touched her lips to it. She made no other answer, but all the same it comforted her sort heart to have her mother say that. Mother always understood.

The springs were all securely fastened, the packing replaced, and Myra was tacking on the new covering when Mrs. Peters ran over to borrow some baking powder. Through the open door of the wood-room she saw the girl at the work, and in easy neighborly fashion, walked in.

'Myra Slade, what are you doing?' she exclaimed.

'Upholstering,' laughed the girl. 'Haven't I made a good job of it?'

'Is that the old lounge you used to have in the sitting-room?'

'The very same,' returned Myra.

'And you've fixed the springs and all?'

'I've done it all, every smitch—myself, Mrs. Peters. Putting on this covering is nothing, but I must confess that I am a wee bit proud of those springs. I never fixed any before.'

'And well you may be proud!' declared Mrs. Peters, emphatically. 'Now ain't that jest the way things go in this world? Here are you, a girl, jest as handy with tools as any carpenter; and there's my Tom can't drive a nail straight to save his life. Why Tom couldn't have fixed those springs no more than I could myself. I've got to send our old lounge down to Parker and Brown's to be done over.'

'Oh!' Myra exclaimed, then stopped short, the color flushing her dark cheeks.

'Well, what?' said Mrs. Peters, watching her curiously.

'I was wondering if you'd just as soon I'd do it. I wouldn't charge as much as Parker and Brown.'

'Just as soon?' echoed Mrs. Peters. 'Well, I'd like to know why not. Will you really do it for me, Myra?'

'Yes, indeed,' returned the girl, promptly. 'I'll be glad to.'

'That's settled then. I'll get Tom and his father to bring it over here this very night.'

So the next day also Myra had a 'hard job, but she sang softly to herself over this one. She was earning money as well as Dell and Kitty, even if it was only a little.

When she went across the yard to tell Mrs. Peters that the lounge was done and she could send for it, Myra found her neighbor as nearly cross as it was in her nature to be. Mrs. Peters was a stout woman and she was standing on a chair with a green shade in her hand.

'This plaguey curtain tumbles down almost every time it's touched,' she exclaimed; 'I declare I get out of all patience with it.'

'Let me see what is the matter with it,' Mrs. Peters,' Myra said, and the woman lumbered heavily down from her exalted position and with an air of great relief handed the shade to the girl.

Myra stepped lightly up on the chair and held the shade up to the fixtures. 'It's only that they are too far apart—the fixtures, I mean,' she said. 'If you have a screw-driver I can fix this for you in two minutes.'

'Here's my sewing machine screw-driver, if that will do,' Mrs. Peters said, fumbling in the drawer of the machine.

'That will do,' Myra replied, holding out her hand for the tool.

Two screws were taken out, one fixture moved a trifle and the shade put back. Then Myra stepped down and rolled the curtain up and

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down several times. 'That won't tumble down again,' she declared.

Mrs. Peters drew a long breath. 'My land, Myra Slade,' she said, 'to think of a slip of a girl like you fixing that so in a jiffy, and here I've been at Tom for six months or more to see what ailed it. What a pity that you ain't a boy, Myra; you'd have a good trade at your finger's ends.'

Myra looked at her with shining eyes. What is to hinder my having the trade at my finger's ends even though I am a girl?' she demanded.

'Why—why—do you mean that you would, really?' questioned Mrs. Peters, eagerly.

'I mean that I will, really, do all the odd jobs that I can get to do, Mrs. Peters,' the girl declared with deliberate decision.

'Well, all I've got to say is, that I admire your spirit and I'll let all my friends know about it. You'll have plenty of work before long,' her neighbor assured her.

'Thank you,' returned Myra, 'but please, Mrs. Peters,' she added in a lower tone, 'please don't say anything to Dell or Kitty about it —yet.'

Mrs. Peters nodded understandingly. 'No, I won't,' she said.

Evidently she did 'let all her friends know,' however, for soon Myra began to have requests for her services from one and another housekeeper. Sometimes it was to put up certain pictures or portieres; sometimes it was to renovate an old lounge, or enamel and cushion a rocking-chair. Often it was to glue some piece of furniture that was dropping to pieces, or replace missing castors after a moving. As these calls became more frequent she bought a neat basket large enough to hold a glue-pot and varnish bottle, screw-driver, wrench, hammer and a supply of tacks, screws and nails; and with this she went out every morning to make repairs and changes. Her success gave her courage, and her ambition grew. She began to put up shelves, make corner cupboards and little china closets and plate-racks for dining-rooms. Her eyes were quick to see what would be most convenient, or prettiest and most effective. If her employer had her own idea about a flower-shelf or a cushioned seat for a bay window, Myra was ready to carry out that idea. Housekeepers liked to have the neat, quiet, deft-handed girl about. She always came when she had promised, and she did not fill the house with the odor of stale tobacco or whiskey, nor did she slop paint or varnish over the carpets. In short, she did her work well, with her head as well as with her hands. She tried to give satisfaction and usually she succeeded.

At the end of two months she had as much as she could do, and in her bureau drawer was a box full of bank-bills. When there were a few, just a few more, she meant to let mother tells the girls; and next month, there should be a strong girl in the kitchen, for mother was not to have all the cooking and housework to do. Myra was thinking her own happy thoughts one evening as she hurried home, her basket on her arm. The basket was heavy, but Myra was strong and she did not mind that. She opened the door with a smile for mother on her lips, but the smile changed to a look of startled dread as she stepped into the room and faced Dell standing there with an angry gloom in her eyes. Evidently Myra's entrance had interrupted, for as her sister appeared, Dell pointed scornfully at the basket.

'There!' she exclaimed, 'look at that basket. No wonder people call her "the odd-job girl"! Myra, I think it is a shame for you to disgrace us so.'

Before Myra could reply mother had stepped quickly across the room and put her arm around the girl, holding her close.

'Dell,' she said quietly. 'Myra has disgraced no one. I am proud of her.'

'Mamma!' cried Dell, despairingly. 'You don't—you can't mean that you like to have her going around with that great basket of tools, and be known all over town as "The Odd-Job Girl"!'

Dell's tone was so tragic that Myra felt her lips twitch with a nervous inclination to laugh. All this feeling over the matter seemed to her absurd, but she saw that her sister was very much in earnest, and she spoke very gravely and quietly.

'Dell, you and Kitty both felt that I ought to find some way to earn my living. I heard you talking about it one night, and—' Her voice trembled a little but she steadied it and hurried on, 'and I felt so, too. I would have been glad enough to teach as you do, or to paint, like Kitty, but I could do neither. This work I can do. It is honest work, and truly I can't see anything disgraceful in it.'

'An Odd-job Girl!' Dell repeated scornfully.

Myra smiled a little sadly. 'The name won't hurt me, Dell, and besides, perhaps I shall be something more than an odd-job girl after a while.'

'But, Myra,' Dell persisted, 'if you don't care on your own account you might have some regard for my feelings. I'd a thousand times rather pay you out of my salary the little you can earn by such common work.'

'Wait a moment, please,' Myra said, and putting down her basket she ran up to her room. She came back with a box in her hand, and emptied its contents on the table.

'Count it, please, Dell,' she said, quietly.

Dell counted, then looked up in blank amazement. 'Sixty dollars!' she exclaimed. 'Myra, you don't mean—'

Myra nodded. 'Yes, I've earned all that in two months,' she said, 'and I shall earn more in the next two months I am sure. You see it is very difficult to get any man nowadays to do small job work; the few who do it charge unreasonable prices and many of them do the work very carelessly. So housekeepers are glad to have me,' she explained, simply.

Dell's face had changed. Sixty dollars! She had not imagined anything like this. 'But—but it's such common work—just what any stupid man or boy could do,' she urged, weakly, not yet willing to yield.

Myra sighed. It was useless she saw to argue. 'I must keep on for a while, anyhow,' she said, with quiet decision. 'If anything better offers, of course, I will give this up.'

It was not easy for her to keep on against the aggrieved protests of her sisters, for Kitty took the same view of the case that Dell did. Myra could not have kept on but for mother's quiet encouragement, but she did keep on. After a while she began to study decorative art, and then to make plans for home decoration and furnishing. She had artistic ideas and she had good common sense. Her business grew steadily. By the end of a year she employed an assistant—another girl—and by the close of the second year she had enlarged the wood-room to a workshop, and had three assistants. By that time nobody spoke of Myra Slade as 'The Odd-job Girl,' and she was earning twice as much as either of her sisters. The 'odd one' had struck out for herself and was succeeding beyond her largest expectations.

A Good Record.

Almost every day we hear some one complaining that he is not appreciated. He has not been promoted as fast as he thinks proper. He has not received such consideration as he thinks he deserves. What do these unhappy men and women bring to commend them to the consideration of others? Perhaps they have a fine education, or some remarkable talent of eloquence or song. Perhaps their parents were highly esteemed. But what of all this? The best recommendation anyone can bring is a record. When David begged for permission to go out and fight the giant his brother rebuked him. But David had a record. He had done something already. A young man who could slay a lion and a bear might be trusted to take care of a giant. But many young men think they are entitled to consideration before they have done anything worthy of mention. David made his record at home. He did not have to go abroad and accomplish something. He found an opportunity while keeping his father's sheep. The man who wishes to do exploits can find an opportunity near home, and if he fails to see it or to improve it let him not complain that he is not appreciated.—The 'Watchman.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

BOY'S WATCH FREE.

We give this fine Watch free to any boy who sells 24 copies of the new monthly, the **'CANADIAN PICTORIAL'**—ten cents a copy (with a ten cent coupon in each.)

The Watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, highly polished, an enamelled dial, bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, reliable American movement. Will last with care for years.

The **'CANADIAN PICTORIAL'** is sure to sell like wildfire. Will delight everyone. Costs about $1,000 per issue and contains 1,000 square inches of Pictures—Pictures of current events, Canadian scenery, things beautiful and curious, snap shots, fashions, patterns, etc. Send postcard—we send papers postpaid, you remit the $2.40, we send watch by return. First number a great success. Next ones will be better. Order at once. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

What some Businesslike Boys are doing

**"All that other boys can do—
Why with promptness should not you?"**

Boys all over the Dominion are sending in for the 'Canadian Pictorial' to sell for watches, fountain pens and jack-knives, and many of them are already proudly showing these premiums to their schoolmates.

One boy in Colborne, Ont., says:—'People buy them as quick as I can hand them out.'

Another in the city of London, Ont., says: 'Papers to hand, and sold readily at sight. Everyone delighted, including myself.

Carp, Ont.—'I received your papers this morning, and sold them in less than an hour. Please send me another dozen of 'Canadian Pictorials.'

'BYRON GUY.'

London, Ont.—'Dear Sir,—I suppose you have not forgotten the watch I received from you a year ago last January. I must thank you for it. It kept splendid time for nearly a year and a half. As I would like to get another, please send me by return mail, twenty-four copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial.''

This wideawake London boy has won his watch easily, and says in last letter: 'Please send me a dozen and a half every month.'

From St. George, N.B., where a fine jack-knife has gone:—'I was only an hour and a half selling them.

'EARLE H. DON.'

And so the letters run on.

We have enough watches, or pens, or knives to send one to every boy who reads the 'Witness,' and we have not heard from all yet.

Sit down now and write for a package of 'Pictorials' to start out with—Then go to work with a will and get your customers interested before you get the papers and your sale is secured in advance.

**JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial'.
'Witness' Block, Montreal.**

LITTLE FOLKS

The Evening Prayer.

(A Charming Picture. By the late Sir John Millais, R.A.)

Brown eyes,
Little nose;
Dirt pies,
Rumpled
clothes.

Torn books,
Spoilt toys;
Arch looks,
Unlike a
boy's.

Little rages,
Obvious arts;
'Three her age
is)
Cakes, tarts.

Falling down
Off chairs;
Breaking crown
Down-stairs.

Catching flies
On the pane;
Deep sighs—
Cause not
plain.

Bribing you
With kisses
For a few
Farthing
blisses.

Wide awake,
As you hear;
'Mercy's sake;
Quiet, dear!'

New shoes,
New frock;
Vague views
Of what's
o'clock

When it's time
To go to bed,
And scorn
sublime
For what is
said.

Folded hands,
Saying prayers
Understands
Not, nor cares.

Thinks it's odd,
Smiles away;
Yet may God
Hear her pray!

Bedgown white,
Kiss Dolly;
Good-night!—
That's Polly.

Fast asleep,
As you see;
Heaven keep
My girl for me!

—'Good Words.'

The Boys in Gray.

(By Hilda Richmond, in 'Western Christian Advocate.')

Willard just hated to do errands, he told Aunt Fanny. Even the penny mamma always gave him did not make him like the task a bit, and he wished errands had never been thought of.

'But you run ten times as far playing ball as you do in taking the clothes to the washerwoman's,' said Auntie, 'and you don't complain about that.'

'That's play,' said Willard, quickly.

'Then why don't you play at running errands?'

'You couldn't do that, Auntie. Errands are hard work, but playing ball is different. Here, I've got to take this book to the library for Kate just when I'm tired, and would rather stay in the house.'

'I'll take the book on my way to the dressmaker's,' said Aunt Fanny. 'You can rest by the fire without being disturbed till supper-time, for I am going to do all your mamma's tasks this evening.'

But before she could put on her hat and jacket her nephew was racing out of the front gate to have a lively game of tag with some of his playmates, and rest was forgotten. When papa asked in the evening whether or not the bundle of clean collars had been brought home from the laundry, Willard was able to answer, 'Yes,' very promptly, for he had seen the box among the many Aunt Fanny carried home before supper.

The next day, as the boys were playing ball in front of the house, a strange thing happened. Out of the house where Willard lived came a boy of about ten, dressed in a gray suit, almost exactly like the one the letter-carrier wore when he tramped up the street a few moments before, and over his shoulder hung a leather sack that seemed to be full of something. He was brave with brass buttons and on his head was a jaunty cap of gray cloth.

'It's Dick Ford!' cried several of the boys, after looking sharply at the boy with the sack.

'Hello, Dick! Where you goin'?'

'Down here,' answered Dick, without stopping.

After him trooped the boys, and scon they saw him stop to leave a magazine at old Mrs. Gay's and a box of candy at pretty Miss Sloan's.

'Say, Dick, do you get paid for doing this?'

'Sure,' answered Dick, feeling around in his sack for the book he was to leave at the library for Mrs. Green. 'It's more fun than anything.'

'Where did you get that fancy suit?'

'Willard's Aunt Fanny. It was her suggested it. She said it would be handy to have a sort of neighborhood errand-boy, and I'm it now.'

'Why didn't you tell me about having a suit, too, Aunt Fanny?' asked Willard, discontentedly, as he watched the little gray suit disappear down the street. 'Dick's making lots of money, and he's got more than he can do.'

'But don't you remember you said you just hated to do errands. You said you couldn't play at doing them, so I made the suit for Dick. If you think you would really like to have one, there is enough cloth from my old dress to get one out, I think.'

'O aunty, please try it, won't you? All the boys are crazy about having a good time delivering parcels. Dick would like to have some one help him anyway. I'll do all your errands for nothing; truly, I will!'

There are a half dozen gray suits on that street now, and the big real carrier has taught them to divide the neighborhood into routes, so that each boy has so many houses for his own. Every evening after school the boys put on their gray suits and call for the parcels and other errands to be done. Many of the banks are getting heavy with pennies and dimes, but the boys like the fun best of all.

All sorts of things find their way into the sacks, from kittens to candy, but none of the patrons complain of the little carriers neglecting their duties. They have established a tiny post-office in Mrs. Allen's woodhouse, which they call Station A, and it is here that the meeting-place of the six is. Willard has learned that errands are great fun, and whenever he finds a difficult task at school his teacher says he must turn it into play in order to make it as popular as errands now are.

November.

November, why, how cold you are!
And how you whistle and blow!
You whirl the dead leaves from afar,
And you don't mind where they go!
You blew my hat off yesterday;
That made me cross, you see.

And I wished November would keep away;
But mamma said to me:
'It is God who sends the months around,
From spring to spring, each year;
His love in every one is found,
For all His children here.'

November, then I hung my head,
And felt ashamed to know
God heard each fretful word I said
About His winds that blow.
I'm going to stop it right away,
November, now, you see,
And not complain, on any day,
Of what God sends to me.
—'The Shepherd's Arms.'

Samaritan Ants.

Eight-year-old Mamie was in a flutter of excitement. Grandpa had promised to show her something wonderful; he had said that she might watch him while he 'verified one of Sir John Lubbock's experiments.'

Mamie didn't know what grandpa meant, but she danced about him while he filled a small pan with water and carried it into the garden. She was even more puzzled when he stopped at an ant hill, lifted a little stick on which a number of ants were crawling, and shook them off the stick into the water.

'Oh! oh! grandpa,' she cried, 'don't! you'll kill them!'

But grandpa only smiled.

'No, no! I'll not kill them,' he answered; 'wait a minute and see what happens.'

Grandpa said nothing, but smiled down into the impatient little face and pointed to the little ant-hill. Some ants came out and crawled away. Mamie watched them a long time, but saw nothing wonderful, then she looked up at grandpa. His face brightened as another ant issued from the hill. Mamie began watching again. The ant took the same path the others had taken, but suddenly it stopped and seemed to be looking at something. Then Mamie remembered the half-drowned, unconscious ants, and saw that it was looking for them.

'What is he going to do?' she exclaimed in an excited whisper, 'will he—'

But the ant had evidently satisfied its curiosity, for it went on. Before Mamie had time to say anything more, other ants came along, and seeing their unconscious brothers, stopped and looked at them. Then they began moving quickly about and Mamie gave a little shriek of delight.

'Grandpa! grandpa! they're going to take them home and give them something to make them well!'

And sure enough, the active little insects were carrying the unfortunate ones back home, and soon disappeared through the little opening in the hill.

'Oh! oh!' cried Mamie, 'I must go quickly and tell mamma about the ex—what will you call it, grandpa?' Grandpa was writing in his notebook, but he looked up as she spoke.

'It is a long word,' he said, 'experiment.' Then he went on writing and Mamie, who had no idea what the long word meant, ran into the house exclaiming:

'Oh, mamma! Grandpa let me see an ex-per-i-ment, and the ants are just like the men in the Bible; there are priest-ants, and Levite-ants, and then there are some good Samaritan-ants, too!'—'Michigan Christian Advocate.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Correspondence

C. S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Find enclosed express order for one dollar and twenty cents, full amount for selling 'Canadian Pictorials.' Please send me the Jack knife. I did not have any trouble selling them at all. Mamma has sent for the 'Messenger' for me ever since I was tive years old, and I am eight now, and can read it myself.

I like it, and Mamma says we could not do very well without it, as my Grandpa, her father, has taken it ever since she was a little girl.

JOHN WHITE.

S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken so much interest in the 'Northern Messenger,' reading the letters and everything, I thought I would like to write a letter to it. S. is a very pretty little place, situated on the St. Mary's River, about two miles from its mouth. It has a population of about 500 people. Also it has five shops, two churches, three hotels, and a court-house. I go to the Presbyterian Church here. The preacher's name is Mr. P. He is very nice. There are school departments here. I attend the High School, and am in grade nine. We have an excellent teacher here, she is not very cross either. I saw a letter from Ella Carter in P. H. I have heard her father preach several times, too.

ETHEL CHISHOLM (aged 13).

[The following letter comes from a reader who can boast the full glory of having lived for 86 years. Sunday School has meant much for him. The younger correspondents will be interested to learn how some parts of Canada were settled, and by people whose religion has left blessings for their descendants.—Ed.]

Farmingdale, N.B.

Dear Editor,—The writer has been an attender in Sabbath School for 82 years, been in all capacities, superintendent, teacher, librarian, and all capacities in church also. My adopted mother led me to Sabbath School at 4 years old in Hull, Canada East, up to the little red school house on the Sand hill just above the Ottawa falls. In the twenties came to Illinois, in the fall of '33 with my adopted father and mother, and a colony of 53, and settled at Farmingdale. We were on the road in waggons and tents 7 weeks and 1 day, to old Sangamon Town on the Sangamo River. Had a doctor and preacher. Stopped Saturday noon for the women to wash and bake for Sunday. Sent out word that we would have a camp meeting in a tent at 11 o'clock on Sabbath. So you see our fathers brought Presbyterianism with them, and built a church when building their houses. Your writer was a bound boy. My wife, Elizabeth, 81, and myself, 86, are all that are left of the original settlers.

WILLIAM PURSELL, THE BOUND BOY.

T.R., N.B.

Dear Sirs,—I saw in the 'Northern Messenger' where I could get a Maple Leaf brooch for getting you three subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' from now until the first of January, for ten cents. I got three.

I got the Maple Leaf brooch you sent me for sending you the name of the superintendent, secretary, and pastor of our Sabbath School. I thought it was beautiful, but my sister lost it, so I want to get another. I am fourteen years old, and have been in bed not able to move any part of me, only my hands, for three years. I have spinal disease and heart disease. I get the 'Messenger,' and think it is a fine paper.

E. BESSIE CONROY.

N. G., P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I have taken this paper for nearly two years, and I like it very much. I am anxiously waiting for it to come every week. For pets I have a dog named Sport, and a cat named Purdy, and a pretty little foal. I think I can answer some of the puzzles that came in the 'Messenger' a few weeks ago.

The answer to Dorothy Belyea's riddles:

1. Why is the Prince of Wales like a cloudy day? Ans.—Because he is likely to reign.

2. Where can happiness be found? Ans.—In the Dictionary.

3. Why is the letter A like noon? Ans.—Because it is the middle of day d(a)y.

The answer to John Shernigham's riddle:—

1. What is smaller than a mouse, and has more windows than the king's big house? Ans.—A fly.

The answer to the riddle the 'Ram's Horn' gives is Romans.

The answer to Emma Reesor's riddle:—

1. Where was Moses when the light went out? Ans.—In the dark.

A. EMERSON WARREN.

[Your riddle has already been asked, Emerson.—Ed.]

A LITTLE SHUT-IN.

Dear Boys and Girls,—What do you think of a little maid of fourteen who has been for three years in bed, able only to move her hands, yet cheerfully puts aside her own troubles, and interests herself in others, winning new friends for our little paper. Bessie did not intend her letter for this page, but we think she will not mind our using it. Perhaps her bright example will help some of the others to be brave, sunny, and unselfish.

THE EDITOR.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, nine years old. I go to Sunday school and day school, in the summer time, but I am sick winter and cannot go. The school is a large red brick one. I like to go. I am in the third class in the first book. I go to the Baptist Sunday School. There are 23 little girls and boys in my class. We get the 'Messenger' every Sunday. I like to hear the Little Folks' page read. I have five sisters and one brother. I have one pet, it is a little kitty, white and black. I call it Jack.

JENNIE RANDALL.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We do not take the 'Northern Messenger,' but I expect to soon be able to subscribe for it. An old acquaintance of my mother gives it to me when she has read it, and I also take much delight in reading it.

HENRY CARLTON.

[Your riddles have been already asked, Harry.—Ed.]

OTHER LETTERS.

Grace H. Darling, L., Ont., sends in two more riddles—1. When was Paul a pastry cook? 2. If a locomotive ran over a dog, what would stop a waggon? Perhaps a hint will be well with that second one, you had better say it out loud if you want to find the answer.

Violette E. Plain, N., Ont., sends in four riddles, three of which have been already asked, but you didn't send the answers, Violette. So many forget to do that.

Frederick Stelton, N., Assa., tells where to find the verse asked for by Hazel Borland, and gives two more verses for the readers to hunt up in the Bible. 1. Out of the mouth of the Most High proceedeth not evil and good? 2. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

A very neat little letter came from Myrtle Best, M., P.J., and another from Fay Alair, W., Ont.

Elsa M. Love, H., Ont., sends in a riddle that has been asked before, however. Although she lives a mile and a quarter away from the school she attends, neither she nor her brother missed one day last year, or one Sunday School session, either. That's a good record.

A. P. Smith, P., Ont., sends in these two riddles: 1. What is the most bashful thing in the world? 2. What has four fingers and a thumb, yet has no flesh nor blood?

Ethel E. Nicolle, W. S., P.E.I., answers one riddle correctly, and sends in this: Two brothers they bear great burdens, they are full all day and empty when they go to rest?

Nellie S. Govenlock, W., Ont., sends in six correct answers, which, as they have already been given, need not be printed again.

Mayflower, C., Ont., answers one, and asks others already asked. Letters with the same riddles in often come in almost at the same time.

Short letters have also been received from Maud Ruller, P., Ont., from Howard Priest, M., Ont., and from Pearl H. Dowell, J., N.S.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Rose Motto.' Gertrude Sargent (aged 9), W., Man.

2. 'Squirrels.' Melville Stuart Hodge (aged 10), T., Que.

3. 'Tiny and Tab.' E. R., C. G., Ont.

4. 'Our School house.' Raymund McComb, M., Ont.

5. 'Some Types of Beauty.' Meade Price, P. C., Ont.

6. 'Pears.' Grace Harper (aged 11), H., Ont.

7. 'Tea kettle.' S. M. McLean (aged 11), P. S., N.S.

8. 'Cup and Saucer.' Elsa M. Love (aged 9), H., Ont.

9. 'A Little Dog.' Muriel Harrison (aged 9), Man.

10. 'Apples and Pear.' Flossie Day, M., Que.

11. 'Wigwam.' Jack Lighthall (aged 9), B., Ont.

12. 'A Sailor Boy.' Annie Johnson (aged 9), H., Ont.

LESSON IX.—DECEMBER 2, 1906.

Jesus Before Pilate.

Luke xxiii., 13-25.

Golden Text.

Then said Pilate: I find no fault in this man.—Luke xxiii., 4.

Home Readings.

Monday, November 26.—Luke xxiii., 13-25.
Tuesday, November 27.—Luke xxiii., 1-12.
Wednesday, November 28.—Matt. xxvii., 11-23.
Thursday, November 29.—Matt. xxvii., 24-30.
Friday, November 30.—Mark xv., 1-19.
Saturday, December 1.—John xviii., 28-40.
Sunday, December 2.—John xix., 1-16.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Pilate was a ruler as procurator of Judea. The jaw-bone man (as his name may easily) kept herding his darts at hierarchy and people. He brought the Roman eagles into Jerusalem, hung shields dedicated to Tiberius there, took money out of the temple treasury to build an aqueduct, all in defiance of the religious scruples of the people. He mingled the blood of the Galileans with that of their sacrifices. The Jews had already appealed to Caesar, and not unsuccessfully, against this tyranny.

Under circumstances like these Pilate had come up to keep the peace during Passover-week. Imagine, then, his feelings when, the feast being at its height and the city crammed to its utmost capacity with a heterogeneous throng from every quarter, there appeared at the portal of his palace a mob headed by the high priest, and all worked to the highest pitch of religious frenzy. It was aggravating to the last degree. Yet fear of another appeal to Rome, whose timid policy was the consolation of the provinces, required at this juncture that these importunate petitioners should not be driven unheard from the judgment seat.

Pilate makes, with Pharisaic hauteur, concession. The Jews will not enter the judgment hall for fear of ceremonial defilement. So the procurator paces his marble court. Before him, with hands bound, stands the object of this religious fury. The accusation is demanded. Pilate's answer is 'Take Him and punish Him according to your law.' This knows the confession that power to inflict capital punishment is no longer theirs. The charge is that Jesus is a deceiver, encouraging the withholding of tribute, and calls himself king.

Pilate looks Jesus, and both retire into the comparative quiet of the judgment hall. He asks Him 'Art Thou, poor half-penniless king of the Jews?' Jesus puts the counter question: 'Do you ask Me whether I am king in the Roman or Jewish sense of that word?' Pilate retorts 'Am I a Jew?' Jesus replies 'In the Roman sense I am no king. In the mistaken Hebrew sense, too, I am no king. My kingdom is neither my custody of prisoners nor yours.' 'If it were I would have trained My followers to arms.' 'Are you a king at any rate?' asks the judge. The answer is 'I am. My mission is truth. My subjects the lovers of truth.' 'Truth! What truth indeed is this?' Pilate expresses the skepticism of Rome. A matter of fact man like Pilate frowns. The case of transferring the prisoner to Herod. 'Art you tired?' 'What shall I do with Jesus?' asks the jaded governor. 'Crucify Him!' is the answer the mob present. 'Why, really, an innocent man?' 'Let me scourge Him only.' Like a wild sea the vociferation breaks about the Galilean. Pilate washes his hands. The Jews accept the onus.

Direct from the scourging, decked with mock insignia, his life-blood giving new tint to the mottled pavement, Pilate as a last appeal, cries: 'Behold the man! Is not this suffering and humiliation enough?' 'Crucify!' is the only answer. 'Then crucify Him if you will; but He is innocent of offence against any law of which I am cognizant.' The priests answer: 'He has violated a Jewish law, the penalty of which is death. He affirms Himself the Son of God.' Pilate takes Jesus aside to ask Him the meaning of the term. The meaning is beyond his comprehension. Jesus is silent. Pilate marvels, exclaiming: 'I have power to crucify or acquit you.' Jesus answers: 'You have power only because God permits you to use it. You are guilty because God permits you to use it. You are guilty because you condemn Me, knowing Me to be innocent; but those are more guilty who delivered Me to you, as they sin against greater light.'

'Will they not prefer Jesus to Barabbas as the object of clemency to grace their festival according to custom?' With the collapse of this last shift comes the ominous warning of Pilate's wife. He is on the point, even so late, of acquitting the accused, when the prosecutor lets fly the last arrow in his quiver: 'Let this man go and you are not Caesar's friend!' 'Shall I crucify your king?' 'We have no king but Caesar!' resounds once more. So ends the long-drawn battle in which the life of Jesus is at stake. Pilate orders Him to the Cross.

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

1. Pilate: his character, personal and official
   His presence in Jerusalem; object of it.
   Policy of Empire as to its provinces.
2. Appeal of Jews in case of Jesus.
   Confession, that case transcends their jurisdiction.
3. Pilate demands formal accusation.
4. The charge of sedition: Specifications.
   (1) Advice to withhold tribute.
   (2) Proclaiming Himself king.
5. Private examination. Pilate proclaims Jesus' innocence.
6. Incident of sending Jesus to Herod.
   Scornings and result.
7. Tumultuous cry for Jesus' crucifixion.
8. Pilate washes his hands.
9. Jesus scourged
10. Barabbas preferred.
11. Jesus ordered to the cross.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN

Pilate is a conspicuous type of the time-server. His ruling motive was to keep his place. To do this he was willing to condemn the innocent if necessary.

* * * *

Time-serving brought him small reward. He died not long after [illegible], but, on complaint of the Jews, was deposed and exiled.

* * * *

Pilate's name will go down to the end of time in deepest infamy as it is repeated in every [illegible] in the Apostles' Creed: 'Crucified under Pontius Pilate.'

* * * *

Yet to [illegible] he stood [illegible] provincial [illegible] and [illegible] to demonstrate the [illegible], and even the

* * * *

Claudia Procula may not have been the actual cause of Pilate's suicide, but seems a fitting [illegible]

* * * *

Take from the [illegible] of the Old World the picture, the [illegible] of which are suggested by the life of Jesus, and it would be impoverished. The [illegible] shows, too, as Monsalvat's [illegible] of the shows

* * * *

'Art Thou [illegible]?' Yet Jesus was [illegible] Pilate's power then on the wane. Exiled a few years later, Jesus' [illegible] has lasted [illegible].

* * * *

Destiny of Hebrew nation trembled in the balance that day.

'Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side.'

* * * *

The choice was evil.

* * * *

Jesus is the touchstone of individual as well as national character. Destiny is fixed by attitude assumed toward Him. Choice is pressed. 'Which will ye.'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Dec. 2.—Topic—Courage or cowardice—which? Luke xii., 4, 5; Gal. i., 9-12; Jer. i, 6-10, 17. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

LIFE OF NEHEMIAH.

Monday, Nov. 26.—Nehemiah's question. Neh. i., 1, 2.

Tuesday, Nov. 27.—Nehemiah's prayer. Neh. i., 4-11.

Wednesday, Nov. 28.—A talk with the king. Neh. ii., 1-7.

Thursday, November 29.—Journeying to Jerusalem. Neh. ii., 8-11.

Friday, Nov. 30.—The night ride. Neh. ii., 12-16.

Saturday, Dec. 1.—'Rise up and build.' Neh. ii., 17-20.

Sunday, Dec. ii.—Topic—The story of Nehemiah. Neh. ii., 18. Consecration meeting.)

Short Suggestions.

Learn to skip. Select what you can teach well in the time given and let the rest go.

'For a man with Christ in his heart it is a finer thing to dig coal with enthusiasm than to dream dreams.'—Foster.

One great need of the average teacher is a consciousness of the great possibilities that lie within the reach of energy, consecration and patience.

Don't go to your class until you are sure you have touched the very heart of the lesson. Only this will help you to reach the hearts of your scholars.

'The teacher should not forget that the builder is not much without the architect. As we build the lesson, let us ask God to reveal his plan in the lesson for our class.'—Miss Spear.

'The [illegible] who sends her boys to Sunday-school [illegible] to get them out of the way [illegible] beyond her [illegible] the expectations. It is a slow [illegible] but does not succeed in getting out to the way after [illegible] touch.'

There is but one way to keep order in the class and that is to keep the pupils busy all the time. Have a full programme. Have something to occupy every minute. Have everything ready at the beginning so that there will not be a minute's pause in which the pupils are left loose. If there is a verse to be read it should be selected up beforehand. Don't look it up in class. Your pupils may [illegible] you have found it.

There is always a reason somewhere for disorder. Don't spend your time doctoring the symptoms. Try to discover and remedy that.

It may be due to bad air. Open the window.

It may [illegible] from [illegible] scholars. Separate them.

[illegible] to [illegible]. Apply the [illegible]—Evangelical Sunday School Lesson Leaves.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov. it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Doctors and Drink.

The following letter, with appendices, was sent to all the medical men in and around Newcastle, by R. P. Moncrieff, an example that might be followed:—

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION OF NEWCASTLE-ON- TYNE AND DISTRICT.

Should the objectionable alliance between the beneficent Medical Profession and the destructive Liquor Traffic continue?

Gosforth-on-Tyne,

Gentlemen,—Having received a circular from the Subscriptions Committee of the Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle, inviting me to become an annual subscriber, I have declined to do so, on the ground that I think it is highly objectionable for the Governors of a public Institution like the Royal Infirmary to accept gifts of 'Medicine' (?) from brewers!! and then publicly thank them for the same—as may be seen in the last Annual Report of the Infirmary (page 14):—

'THANKS TO THE NEWCASTLE BREWERIES COMPANY AND MESSRS. W. B. REID AND CO., LTD.

'The thanks of the Governors are given to the Newcastle Breweries Company, for their generous contributions during the past year of the wines and spirits required for the treatment of the patients. Messrs. W. B. Reid and Co., Ltd., have kindly consented to supply the requirements for 1906.'

The question of the use of alcohol as a medicine at all—even under proper medical prescription—is a very debatable one, but when medicines (?)—as made up by wine growers, distillers, and brewers—are prescribed by doctors, it is open to the strongest objection and criticism.

In order, therefore, to test the question, 'Is it necessary to use alcohol as a medicine?' I have offered to become an annual subscriber on condition that a Temperance Ward be established in the New Infirmary, where cases will be treated on similar lines to those employed in the London Temperance Hospital. I trust that such a moderate and reasonable proposal will have your support.—Yours very truly,

ROBT. P. MONCRIEFF.

HOW THEY USE ALCOHOL IN THE LONDON TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.

The last report (Dec. 31st, 1905) says:—

'The Hospital was founded in 1873 for the treatment of medical and Surgical cases without the use of alcohol, as ordinarily prescribed.' The founders of this Institution saw, as none could fail to see, that alcoholic liquors were inflicting terrible evils upon society, and they raised the question: Can the use of alcohol in the treatment of disease be safely dispensed with? No well-informed person could contend with the use of alcohol, unless to secure results not otherwise obtainable. The test was applied—the medical staff being allowed to administer alcohol when they deemed this to be needful.' During the thirty-three years of the Hospital's existence there have been only 75 cases in a total of 24,650 in-patients, with a death-rate of 7.4 per cent. (including moribund cases admitted). It is also stated: 'There is no reason to imagine that the patients treated without alcohol suffered from its omission, while the doctors and board of management have the great satisfaction of knowing that not a single patient has, during thirty-three years, been put in peril by the creation or revival of that alcoholic craving which is more to be dreaded than any of the ills to which flesh is heir.' During 1905 the in-patients numbered 1257, with a death-rate of 8.5 per cent.

In the Newcastle Infirmary 4,633 in-patients were treated during 1905, with a death-rate of 8.91 per cent., being 0.41 per cent. higher than the Temperance Hospital.

SHOULD WINES, SPIRITS, AND ALES (PREPARED AS BEVERAGES) BE USED AS MEDICINES?

'Medical Science' replies that 'apart altogether from alcohol, patients derive benefit from the Vinous Ethers in fermented wines.' —Newcastle 'Chronicle,' 15th April, 1906.

This assumption of 'Medical Science' is based on the fallacy that all fermented liquors are genuine, but what says the 'Encyclopoedia Britannica':—'The manufacture of wine from sugar and the husk or mark of the grape has been largely practised, insomuch that a great part of the wine of France and Germany (Spain and Portugal included), has ceased to be the juice of the grape at all, the processes of blending, softening, fortifying, sweetening, plastering, etc., are carried on to such an extent that it is hardly possible to obtain a sample of genuine wine even at first hand.' Books are published 'giving the plainest directions for the fabrication of every kind of wine,' among the adulterants being 'ether, especially acetic ether, for giving boquet and flavor.'

Spirits are adulterated with oil of turpentine, fusil oil, oenanthic ether (for flavoring), Hungarian oil, grains of paradise, etc., etc.,

Malt liquors are stated to be adulterated with arsenic, copper, quillaia bark, optacreme, ecumin, etc.—(Chancellor of Exchequer, 3rd March, 1905.)

We are told 'it is almost impossible to find out these adulterations except by the professional 'analytical chemist.' —'Encyclopoedia Britannica.'

Thus 'these valuable vinous (and spirituous) ..ethers 'are evidently ordinary drugs put in to blind the drinkers and doctors.

If ethers are required, why not administer them in a pure medicine?

'Doctors' Nourishing Stout' and 'Invalid Port' are other delusions, there being more nourishment in 3d. worth of milk than in a gallon of the best stout or port wine that can be produced! Further, as these are among the 'most nutritious'! of all alcoholic beverages—wines, spirits, or ales—it will be seen how fallacious it is to use any of these liquids for the nourishment (?) that is in them.

HOW ALCOHOL SHOULD BE PRESCRIBED.

'In common fairness to scientific progress, the profession of healing ought so to prescribe alcohol that nothing shall be wanting in accuracy of prescription. The exact quantity, the exact quality, the exact purity of the alcohol ought to be known, and due provision made to ensure what is right in respect to quantity, quality, and purity. To prescribe either wines, spirits, or ales, without asking whether other chemical bodies than alcohol are, or are not, present in them, is not prescribing at all. Any old woman, or any quack can prescribe in that madcap way. When I want to administer alcohol, I write it on the prescription as absolute alcohol—Sp. Gr. 0.795—and I have it mixed with water to make it easy and ready for administration.'—Sir B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., M.D.

Query:—How can Medical practitioners fulfil the conditions laid down by Dr. Richardson, when they employ brewers, publicans, and wine merchants as their dispensers?—R.P.M.

Does Prohibition Prohibit?

If more liquor is sold where there are no saloons than where there are, would brewers, distillers and wholesale dealers, who own about 75 per cent of all saloons, pay license, rent, taxes, insurance, attorney's fees and contribute large sums of money to influence the press, to publish and distribute literature and in other ways to obtain license, all to lessen the amount of their sales? Would the liquor men now be maintaining five national organizations at heavy expense to oppose all prohibitory measures if such measures did not interfere with the traffic? Would they keep an expensive lobby at the national capital to urge the restoration of the canteen or army saloon and to prevent a prohibitory clause in the statehood bill for Oklahoma and Indian Territory if they were not financially interested—Charles Scanlon.

Spurgeon's Little Song.

'Yes, we'll rob the poor man of his beer,
And give him a coat instead;
We'll put good boots on his feet,
And a hat on the top of his head.
We'll rob him of rags and disgrace,
Give him water that's sparkling and clear,
And he'll thank us with radiant face,
For the water that's better than beer.'

Resisted.

Four young men, clerks and students, while on a summer vacation-tramp through northern New England, engaged a guide to a certain romantic waterfall, a boy named Forrest Leo Graves.

Forest was a fine athletic fellow, who could outwalk and outclimb any amateur in the mountains; and his moral courage was quite equal to his physical health and strength.

After he had guided the young men to the waterfall, and they had satisfied themselves with sight-seeing, they invited him to lunch with them.

'Thank you, I have my own lunch,' and the boy went away by himself. Later, when full justice had been done to their repast, and a flask of brandy had furnished each of the young men with a stimulating draught, Graves was called.

'You must drink with us, if you will not eat with us,' now said the owner of the flask, and the most reckless of the party.

'No, sir, thank you,' was the boy's courteous response.

'But I insist upon it,' said the young man.

'You can do as you please about drinking; but I cannot drink,' replied Graves.

The young man sprang to his feet, and with a bound stood beside the boy, too much absorbed in his own purpose to heed the quivering lips and flashing eyes of the other.

'Now you are bound to try my brandy. always rule,' he exclaimed.

'You can't rule me,' was the brave reply.

These words were scarcely uttered when the flask was seized and hurled into the stream. Then a clear, defiant tone rang out:

'I did it in self-defense! You had no right to tempt me. My father was once a rich and honorable man, but he died a miserable drunkard, and my mother came here to live to keep me away from liquor till I should be old enough to take care of myself. I have promised her a hundred times I wouldn't taste it, and I'd die before I'd break my promise!'

'Bravely said. Forgive me, and let us shake hands. My mother would be a happy woman if I were as brave as you. I wouldn't tempt you to do wrong. I shall never forget you, nor the lesson you have taught me.'

The most reckless was the most generous, and seeing his error, apologized frankly.

How many boys need to be kept from strong drink, and, alas, how many men and women! Who dare tempt them?— 'Sunday School Messenger.'

'Messenger' Subscribers.

By quickly recognizing and taking advantage of good offers, one gets much pleasure.

Consult the date on your address label, and if it indicates that your subscription to the 'Messenger' is about due, read carefully our various clubbing offers elsewhere in this paper, and take advantage of them. The 'Weekly Witness,' or the 'Canadian Pictorial' are particularly suited to clubbing with the 'Messenger.' And if you club with one or other, or both of them, and do not like the publication, we will cheerfully refund for the unexpired term of the Subscription. But we are sure that you will greatly like them.

If your subscription to the 'Messenger' be not due for a long time, then consult the 'Canadian Pictorial' Coupon. You will never regret taking advantage of the bargain it offers

HOUSEHOLD.

Ma's Physical Culture.

Sis takes calisthenics,
  Injun clubs an' such.
Reaches f'r her toes ten times,
'N' 'en she takes a big deep breath;
Raises up her arms an'
  Sweeps 'em all around,
Kicks her heels three times 'thout
  Ever touchin' th' ground.

Ma takes physical culture
  In the 'washin' tub—
Gets th' clo'es an' soaks 'em down
  'N' 'en begins to rub;
Makes ten thousand motions
  Up an' down 'at way—
She gets lots of exercise
  In a workin' day!

Sis goes t' th' gim an'
  Travels on th' rings,
  'N' 'en she yells an' sings—
Says it's good f'r weakness
  In th' lungs, an' says!
Tennis is the hardest work—
  Ought t' see her play!

Ma she washes dishes,
  'N' 'en she scrubs th' floor,
'N' 'en she scrubs th' marble steps
  Clear up to th' door;
'N' 'en she chops th' kindlin'
  When her work is through—
Has t' do it, 'cause pa, he's
  Calesthenic, too!

Both take physical culture,
  But I'll tell you this:
They's lots o' dif'unce 'ween th' kind
  My ma takes an' sis!

—'N. C. Advocate.'

The Information Circle.

Can you give any hints or suggestions for a Christian family who have recently moved into a sparsely settled country neighborhood, where there are no lectures, nor concerts, nor literary entertainments of any kind; where there is no public library, and where the people not only have nothing to read, but are bringing up a younger generation who do not think of this as a privation, but are content to get their enjoyment out of social gatherings where games and entertainments introduced belong to the class that has long been obsolete among people of refinement? What can a single family do with such surroundings?'

Isn't that an interesting quotation? How much I should like to have 'an all-day visit' with the earnest young Christian who wrote the letter from which it is taken, and talk over ways and means with her!

Not being able to do this, I will in part answer her question and the questions of others along the same line by telling you what one family did, who found themselves in a neighborhood very much like the one described. They were not a wealthy people; in truth, I suppose that as regards money they must be called poor. But they had a few good books, and they had been educated and trained amid surroundings that made the religious papers of their denominations, as well as some of the best current literature of the day, necessities to them instead of luxuries.

They were a large family at the time when they found themselves stranded for a few years in this uncongenial neighborhood, and they might, as the long evenings drew on, have lighted their big, cheerful lamp, and drawn their curtains close, and gathered about their centre-table, and appointed a reader while the others sewed or knitted or rested after the day's toil, and had a thoroughly good time, letting that outside neighborhood in which they seemed to have nothing in common stay outside. But— they belonged to Him whose most distinguishing characteristic on earth was that He 'pleased not Himself,' and they didn't. If there were space, I might tell you of many things that they did. I shall confine myself to a single illustration.

They planned an 'evening at home,' to which they invited eleven of the 'boys and girls' with whom in various ways they had come in contact. They planned a programme of entertainment utterly unlike anything that the eleven had ever known before. The father of the family, who was a good talker, and who had once made a perilous journey and had several startling adventures, was appointed to tell that story. The eldest daughter of the family could 'read' most enjoyably; she was directed to furnish a selection not too long nor too dignified, and full of genuine human nature. The entire family could sing, and had, very soon after their exile, supplied themselves with copies enough of a new and popular singing-book so that each guest could have a book to himself. They spent a half-hour in singing whatever was called for, and by the time they had reached the fourth number most of the guests had joined in.

They had cut one of their church papers into bits, and passed around selections, one for whoever would read it, on current items of every-day interest; brief, well written, and calculated to make the reader or listener wish for more. The people about whom I am telling you, planned carefully to start a conversation founded upon one of the topics, and to carry it on long enough to discover whether any of their guests were interested to know more. The pretty trap served; question and answer followed, and the 'talk' became so general and so full of interest that the 'master of ceremonies' was at last obliged to call them to order for the next 'number.'

Refreshments in the shape of home-made taffy closed the evening. But before it closed, that happened for which the schemers had hoped and prayed. 'Say,' said one of the guests, 'why can't we have such a nice time as this every once in a while? I've enjoyed myself first-rate, and I'd like to do it all over again.' And then and there was proposed an organization, later named 'The Information Circle.'

I have given you but a hint of its inception, and I have not room for more; but I have listened to its history as one listens to a fascinating story, and I have been credibly informed that that Information Circle has transformed the circle to which it belongs.—'Christian Endeavor World.'

A Wise Mother Says.

That we should keep up a standard of principles, for our children are watchful judges.

That what are trifles to us are often mountains to our children, and that we should respect their feelings.

That we should bear in mind that we are largely responsible for our childrens' faults, and be patient with them.

That if you say 'No' you should mean 'No.' Unless you have a good reason for changing a command, hold it.

That we should take an interest in our children's amusements, for mother's share in what pleases them is a great delight.

That we should be honest with the children in small things as well as great, and if we cannot tell them what they wish to know, we should say so, rather than deceive them.

That we should interest our boys and girls in physiology, and when they are sick, try to make them comprehend how the complaint arose, and how it may be avoided in the future.

That many a child goes astray not because there is want of care and training at home, but simply because the home lacks sunshine; that the child needs smiles as much as flowers need the sunbeams.

That as long as it is possible we should kiss the children good night after they are in bed. They will enjoy it, even after they profess to having outgrown it, and it will keep them close and loving.

That children look little beyond the present moment. That if a thing pleases them they are quick to see it; that if home is a place where faces are sour and words are harsh and fault-finding, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.—Philadelphia 'Record.'

With the Minister's Wife.

(Priscilla Allen, in the New York 'Observer.')

Well, Sarah, you can't imagine where I have been to-day. You know, they say our minister's wife is so interested in everybody and everything that she hardly finds time to do her children's mending. They call her the Church Mother, and, sakes alive, I should think she was mother and grandmother to every one around. I am one of the 'solitaries' that the Bible talks about being set in families, as after I had worked around here at home in the early morning for a little time, I just put on my bonnet and ran over to the minister's to see if I couldn't be 'set' in his family for a while.

You know, they live right near the church and I thought I could stay all day and be of some help and perhaps go to the prayer meeting in the evening.

I hadn't more than got in at the door and told the minister's wife what I had come for, when the telephone rang and some one called up to know if the janitor was over at the church, and could a message be sent him that Mrs. A. (one of the parishioners) wanted his help at her home as soon as possible. By the time this matter was attended to, I had taken off my things and was waiting for some serving. The minister's wife came hurriedly in and picked up a little dress she had for days been trying to repair. She had just time to hand it to me when the doorbell rang. The housemaid was on her way to the study to interrupt the minister in his sermon, when she was interrupted by her mistress with the words:

'I wonder if I won't do just as well?' so down trips our minister's wife into the parlor and finds a young man, a kind of agent, I reckon, who was planning a good hour's harangue with our pastor, but he did not have the opportunity, I can tell you, for with kindly words his questions were answered, and his committed oration listened to with the keenest attention.

After his departure I did hope there would be a minute that we could sit down together and sew and visit. Sure enough, there was, for I think it must have been about ten minutes before the 'phone rang again and Mrs. B. called up to say that she wanted to rent her house, and would be very glad if any one needing a house could be referred to her. Of course, our minister's wife knew of two or three families who were looking for rents, and she stopped to call them up and gave them this bit of information. I was getting rather wrathy by this time and began to mutter away to myself about carrying the world on one's shoulders when I heard a cheery voice saying:

'Bear ye one another's burdens.' Yes, said I, but the Blessed Book says also, 'Let every man bear his own burden.' We had no time to finish our Scripture quotations, for the maid came to the door to say that an old gentleman was in the parlor.

'Oh, I know who that is,' said our imperturbed lady. 'That is good old Mr. Brown. I will get my thimble and some work and go right down,' for well she knew that an hour or two would not be the limit of this call. Now, Mr. Brown is very deaf, and they had to talk so loud that I could hear every word they said. I heard him say.

'I don't want to be a bore. I know old people get garrulous and long winded, but I love to see my friends.' Then I could hear the gentle assurances of kindly interest and affection. Well, after an hour's visit the noon bell rang, and then came the cordial invitation to lunch, which was accepted with some hesitation and many apologies. I could not say anything then to our minister's wife, for I knew how she loved old people and tried to bring sunshine into their lives, but I began to think that Mrs. Brooks (she goes to another

church, by the way), who told me yesterday that she did not see why ministers' families should always have to keep a girl, had better come into this home and see.

After lunch was over and the old man had gone, a five-minute nap was being taken when the door bell rang again. This time it was little old Miss Sally Baldwin, from the Home for Old Ladies. Miss Sally is one of those nervous little bodies who cannot sit still a minute at a time. First she sits this way on her chair, and then that, then fumbles with her fingers, then hitches again. Miss Sally wears a wig and powders her face in such a way that she has a ghastly look. One part of her face looks as if it had begun to mortify and the rest looks like chalk. If it was respectful I should say she was the most dried-up bit of humanity I ever saw, but then she loves our minister's wife.

Well, Miss Baldwin began to tell how her feet were troubling her. She said she didn't usually have trouble with her 'pedestals,' and she didn't know what to make of it. The door was wide open, and I couldn't help hearing every word, even if I'm not an eavesdropper. Miss Sally went on to say that she had been trying all the week to make an engagement with herself to come and call, but this had been her first opportunity. She had been receiving letters from a doctor in a far-off city who wanted to take her case and cure her of dizziness and nervous prostration.

'Why,' said she, 'you would think they were love letters, to read them. That man can pick up words as you can pick up beans. I don't know, but I ought to send him some money for the interest he takes in me.'

After being advised to throw his remaining letters and circulars into the waste basket, she departed, but not before the telephone had rung two or three times, and Mrs. W. had inquired if she could be put on track of a good cook. Mrs. Y. wanted to rent a room, and Mrs. R. wished another boarder. When our minister's wife came up stairs again, I could hold in no longer, so I burst out with:

'Well, I should like to know what kind of a firm this is anyway. Is it a free intelligence office or real estate agency, a hotel, or what is it?'

Our minister's wife sat down and laughed heartily. 'Why,' said she, 'this is nothing. I am only too glad to help anyone, and in my parish calls I learn of places to rent and people who want to move, and it is a pleasure to act as a go-between.'

'A go-between,' said I. 'I should think it was a go-between, and a go-ahead, and a go-all-around; but what more have you for me to do?'

'Oh, if you can mend Johnny's pants I shall be very glad and grateful, for there is old Mrs. Noodles to call upon, who has not been able to go to church for eight years. She is very ill now and complains that not one of the church members has called. She tells me she does not think they keep their church covenant very well. I plan to go there at least once a month; and then dear Mrs. G. has lost her lovely daughter— I must go there. Miss K. is in great trouble. She is laboring under an hallucination and it is feared she may lose her mind. I must not fail to see her this very afternoon.'

'Well,' says I, 'good-by, dear lady. If this is a sample of your daily life, I don't wonder you are called the "Church Mother." If ever their works do foller 'em, I think you will be followed by a troup a mile long.'

No Trick at All.

'How very nice this cake is,' said a boarder to the old lady who was his hostess. 'Would you mind giving me the recipe for it?' 'Why, no, I'd just as soon as not tell how it was made. I just take something like a quart or so of flour—well, say, two or three scoopin's-up with my two hands. Then I sift it with as much cream o' tartar as I think I'll need and a pinch o' salt. If eggs is plenty I use several, and if they're skurse I don't use so many, and I stir in a little dab o' milk and a mix a scoopin' of sugar, with butter enough to make a kind of soft mess, and then I stir in a little mite of any kind of flavorin' I happen to have, and than I stir it until it is good and battery to keep it from being sad when it's baked, and that's all there is of it. It ain't no trick at all to make it.'—J. L. Barbour, in 'Good Housekeeping.'

Always Glad.

There was a man who smiled
  Because the day was bright;
  Because he slept at night;
  Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child!
  Because his little one
  Could leap and laugh and run;
Smiled on the earth, he smiled.

He toiled and still was glad
  Because the air was free;
  Because he loved, and she
  That claimed his love and he
Shared all the joys they had!
  Because the grasses grew;
  Because the sweet wind blew;
  Because that he could hew
And hammer, he was glad.

Because he lived, he smiled,
  And did not look ahead
  With bitterness and dread.
  But nightly sought his bed
As calmly as a child,
  And people called him mad
  For being always glad
  With such things as he had,
And shook their heads and smiled.
—'Ballads of the Days.'

Don't Burden the Weak Little Legs.

I would like to urge all mothers, or any person who has the care of babies, not to stand them on their feet until the little limbs are strong enough to bear the weight of the body, and then they will generally try to stand without being urged. A young mother, a relative of mine, has made her little boy bow-legged in that way. Her first baby, a little girl, was very small and active, and by being stood on her feet so often she learned to walk very young, and she could walk well when nine months old. The next baby was a boy, and heavier than the little girl, but the young mother had been so pleased with the flattering remarks made about the little girl's walking so early that she was very anxious to have the boy do the same. We begged her not to stand him on his feet so much, as he was so heavy, but she said it had not hurt the little girl. Well, she had him walking at the age of ten months, and now, just think, the poor little fellow may be laughed at all his life on account of crooked limbs. Never mind, mothers, if your babies are two years old before they walk. It won't hurt them any, and walking at an early age is by no means a sign that the child is unusually bright. Another thing mothers do, of which I do not approve, is putting a high pillow under the baby's head. What do other mothers think about this?—The 'Designer.'

The Uncaring.

(Lalia Mitchell, in the 'Christian Guardian.')

Full many keep for those they love
  The bitter word, the tear,
And lavish on a careless crowd
  Their benison of cheer.
With laughter light for passing guest
  Who soon from them must roam,
They wound the ones they love the best,
  And dim the lights of home.

Attractive Clubbing Offers.

'Northern Messenger' and 'Weekly Witness' for one year, worth $1.40 for $1.20; 'Northern Messenger,' 'Weekly Witness,' and 'World Wide,' worth $2.90, for $2.20.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' may be added to either of the above clubs for fifty cents extra.

Training in Manners.

The training of manners, the discipline of deportment, the old quaint ceremonials, the restraints of silence, the decorums of polite society, the courtesies and obeisance of the humbler classes, the deference of the young towards the old, the reverence of children for their parents, the severities of home-rule, the long practice and self-restraint necessary to success and full enjoyment even of the favorite recreation—all imply training more or less laborious; a

For the Busy Mother.

NO. 1028.—LADIES' TUCKED OR GATHERED SHIRT WAIST.

A design is shown in this pretty waist which is not difficult to make up at home. It would make up nicely in any of the light materials trimmed with lace insertion, and has a bishop or sailor sleeve, flare cuffs being optional. It requires 3¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, or 2 7-8 yards 36 inches wide, with 4 yards of insertion.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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never-relaxed vigilance in the teacher; docility, patience, and self-command in the learner. Our survey tends to the conclusion that at no time have manners been so left to form themselves as now. We hear of people forgetting their manners, but some of our youth stand in danger of never learning them. While so great a point is made of thoroughness in all other learning, the mere A B C grounding of manners threatens to be left untaught. It seems supposed that, given so much intellectual culture, boys and girls, by the mere process of growing old, turn into polite, considerate men and women. We do not believe it. Many arts and sciences are more easily acquired late in life than a good manner. If people are to behave well, they must be early taught to behave—a practice that demands unceasing sacrifices of minute personal liking to the general pleasure and convenience.—'Christian Globe.'

Religious Notes.

MISSIONS IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

There are in Palestine and Syria 327 missionaries (exclusive of wives) working in the American, English, and German societies in these lands. The native agents would swell the list to many times its size. A very large proportion of the whole are engaged in educational and medical work. The American staff of the great Syrian Protestant College in Beirut contributes 31 names to the total.

Of the 33 societies with which these mission agents are connected, the United States is represented by the Syrian Protestant College, the Presbyterian Board, the largest and best organized mission in Syria; the Reformed Presbyterian; the Friends of New England, and the Christian Missionary Alliance. Great Britain supports three Church of England Societies, eight Presbyterian and six non-sectarian missions, not to mention several independent workers; eight German missionary committees, mostly Lutheran, and one Danish, make up the total. The Church Missionary Society, with a staff of about 60 English workers, is the largest agency working in Palestine. Their work is educational, medicinal, and evangelistic.— 'Missionary Review.'

THE AWAKENING IN SHANTUNG.

Reports continue to come in telling of the spread of the spiritual awakening in the Chinese empire. Mr. Delavan L. Pierson, in the 'Record of Christian Work,' says:

'A letter received from Dr. Hunter Corbett from a native pastor in China, tells of revivals in several churches in the interior of Shantung. He speaks of the Holy Spirit coming upon one church resembling the day of Pentecost. Church members were awakened, some openly confessed that they had grown cold, but now resolved by God's help to live new lives. Enemies acknowledged their wrongs and became reconciled.

'In one place the children under ten years of age organized a prayer meeting and daily met for prayer. In another district fifty-four new members have been added to the church. And at still another church men fell upon the floor and called upon God to forgive their sins and give them new life. Their prayers were heard, and joy so filled their hearts that they subscribed money to support their own pastor and sent money to help needy Christians wherever found. In the Union College and Academy at Weihsien word has come that all but four of the two hundred students are now enrolled on the Lord's side.'

Even in the barest and most out-of-the-way places in the world God's spirit is moving in mighty power. For years Borneo was a spot where the Rhenish missionaries saw the least results from their labors. Now a missionary, writing to an American friend from Kwala Kuron, with a heart full of joy, says:

'It really seems as if a change is at hand. In Tumbang Musang, on the Miri River, I received forty-one heathen into the church on March 21. The glorious and blessed meeting was held in the home of the Great Chief. All the candidates for baptism had received their instruction from the native evangelists, Hiskias and David. Among them were four chiefs of the Miris, whose subjects are ready to follow them. The aged chief, Tamangon Pandong, joins me in the firm hope that all Miris will believe in Christ within a few years. God grant it. The congregation at Musang, now numbering fifty-one, has sprung into existence almost in a moment. In three months I expect to baptise a number of Miris.'

He declares also that the awakening is visible in all the villages of the Miris. The chief, Nicodemus, who is a recent convert, is pleading for a Christian school in his village.

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Selected Recipes.

COOKING POTATOES.—What a difference in the way potatoes are served under the same name. Take milk or creamed potatoes; they are often hard lumps in a thin, milky gravy, instead of being the rich, creamy morsels that are more nourishing than when prepared otherwise, unless the tubers are baked. Boiled potatoes are best, but baked ones can be used to advantage, and both must be prepared carefully. They can be cooked on the stove, or in the form of an escallop in the oven. If to be cooked on the stove, cut after paring in irregular dice; heat the milk, adding butter when it boils, and when dissolved stir in the potato. For six medium-sized potatoes there should be at least two cupfuls of milk; cover and set on the back of the stove for a slow simmer. The gradual absorption of the milk in the potato is needed to make them good for food. Stir occasionally to prevent burning, and when the milk seems to be thoroughly incorporated with the potato, salt, stir again, cover for two or three minutes and serve in a hot dish. These will never be refused.

The same result is obtained in an escallop, only the potatoes should be cut in thin slices. Take equal quantities of butter and flour and melt them together, stirring in milk to make a thin cream. When it comes to a boil, salt well. If to be served in another dish, drop the potatoes into the pan in which the cream dressing is made; see that it covers them nicely, and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. When baked in an earthen dish, which will go on the table, put the sliced potatoes in layers, with a little of the cream between each, and pour a good amount over the whole. Lay fine cracker crumbs over the top, cover and bake half an hour in a hot oven, removing the cover in time to let them brown delicately. If the dish is a large one, more time must be allowed. Any of these ways can be used in preparing a quick breakfast, for the potatoes can be made ready by the time the oven is hot, and while they are cooking the rest of the food can be prepared.

Graham or whole-wheat gems can be made, baked, and ready to serve at the same time with the potatoes. Beat one egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little salt together, adding one heaping cupful of flour in which a teaspoonful of baking powder is mixed, and one cupful of sweet milk; or, the same amount of flour without the baking powder, and one cupful of sour milk, in which one-half teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved. Mix quickly and pour into greased gem pans. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. This recipe makes eight gems.

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